

Life



April Shower

P. J. Crosby

APRIL 5, 1923

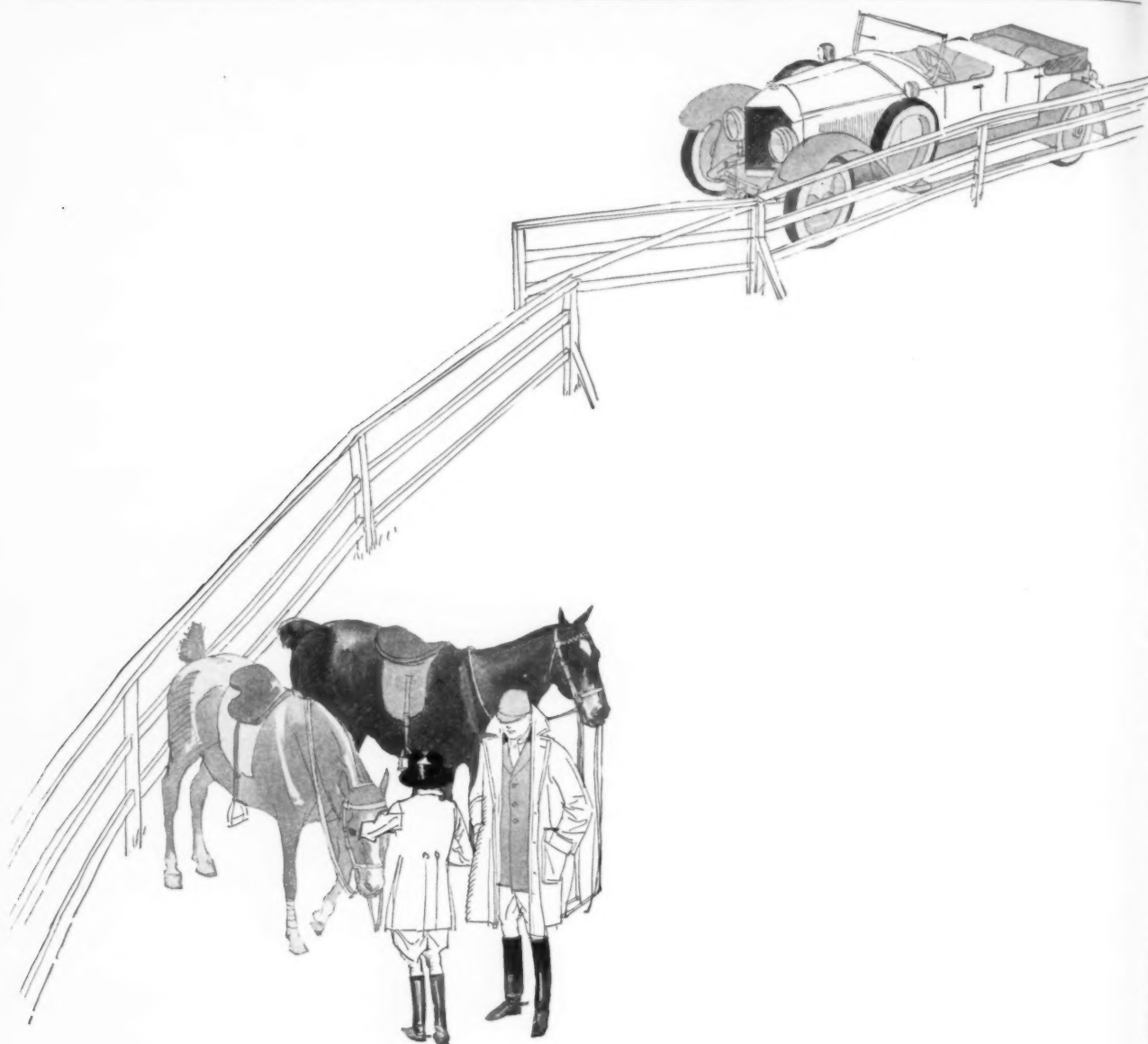
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LIFE: Published Weekly by Life Publishing Company at 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Annual Subscription, Five Dollars. Vol. 81. No. 2109 April 5, 1923

Entered as Second Class Matter June 8, 1883, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3d, 1879. Printed in Bethlehem, Pa., U. S. A. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Bethlehem, Pa. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Canada. Copyright, 1923, LIFE, in the United States, England and the British Possessions

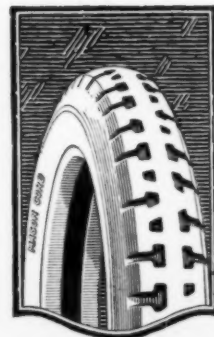
CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President
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MASON CORDS

SURELY one may pardon that great host of fine car owners who so exultantly swear by their Mason Cords. Maybe their enthusiasm is simply the reaction of countless miles of care-free tire service,—or the result of that keen joy they know on cords so sturdy, so trim, so dependable.

Branches in Principal Cities



THE MASON TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY. KENT, OHIO

NEW CHANDLER SIX

Power That Masters Hills!

ALL over the country the new Chandler with its Pikes Peak Motor is being acclaimed as a car of phenomenal performance

The matchless capacity it displayed during its tests on the world's highest automobile climb has been sensationally confirmed in practically every section of the land.

Hills locally famous for their stubbornness have yielded to its decisive high-gear mastery. Traffic driving has been shorn of its difficulties by delightfully swift and smooth acceleration.

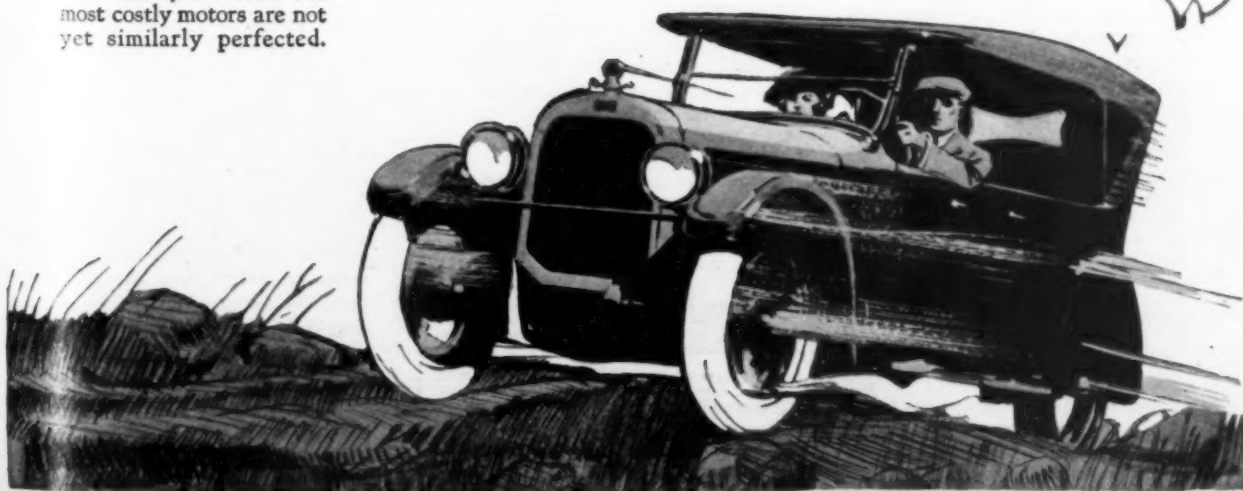
Now generally regarded as one of the few cars with a really great motor, the Chandler offers perfect performance under all driving conditions without the premium of high price. All models, despite notable improvement in beauty, carry new low prices.



Pikes Peak Motor
BUILT BY CHANDLER

In addition to having an exceptional power margin, the new motor is free from pre-ignition knocking, heating, and imperfect combustion. Many of even the most costly motors are not yet similarly perfected.

THE CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY • CLEVELAND
Export Dept., 1819 Broadway, New York City Cable Address: "Chanmotor"





Not Like Any Summer that you've ever spent

HERE is real difference, real change, real relaxation, new interest, new fun, new healthfulness, for the coming summer.

All in Southern California—a place that you, perhaps, have thought to be too warm for that season of the year. And yet summer is preferred by Californians to the winter months. Note the U. S. Weather Bureau's figures—a forty-four-year record—(average mean temperatures taken in a great central city in this section):

44 Junes, 66 degrees.
44 Julys, 70 degrees.
44 Augusts, 71 degrees.
44 Septembers, 69 degrees.

And summer is the rainless season. Mark that this makes each day available *all day* for all you want to do, and there are a thousand things in this strange land to do and see.

And all within a radius of two hundred miles from a great central city, with 4,000 miles of world-famous motor roads reaching out from it in all directions.

A desert like Sahara, turquoise lakes on mountain tops, stupendous views over rich valleys, rocky scenic grandeurs, the center of the moving picture industry, which came here because of the same variety that makes this country so interesting to travelers—great sea shore resorts, famous golf courses, old Spanish Missions, brilliant hotel dining rooms and dances, or quiet mountain retreats where one may merely rest, or go trout fishing—this is the unique section of your country that you should see.

Southern California is the new gateway to Hawaii

It absorbs you, revitalizes, renews your interest and spirit, and rebuilds torn nerves in a remarkably short time. A great playground, it has the playground atmosphere in which troubles vanish over night.

Truly a summer here is unlike any that you've ever spent; for in varied possibilities in sports, sight-seeing, or in methods and kinds of *pure rest* that you can take, there is no other land within your United States that is similar in any way.

Change is the essence of a good vacation. Completely new environment is magic medicine. Golf is *more fun*, likewise tennis, swimming, and all other pastimes take on zest in the midst of such change.

Do the things here that you can do in other places and *enjoy* them more. And do a thousand things, if you have time, that you can't do anywhere *but* here. That is Southern California, and it's at its best in summer.

Plan the trip now. The railroad journey through the Great West is teeming with historic interest. You have the finest limited trains, the most comfortable travel in the world.

Any railroad ticket agent will gladly furnish further information. Or mail coupon below and get our "Southern California Book."

Let next summer be a *different* one—the best you've ever had.

All-Year Club of Southern California

All-Year Club of Southern California,
Dept. M-1204, Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me full information about
the summer and year around vacation
possibilities in Southern California.

Name.....

Address.....

Rhymed Reviews Black Oxen

By Gertrude Atherton.

Boni & Liveright

THEY Roentgen-rayed her ductless glands—

And lovely Mary Zattiany
Returned with all that Youth demands,
Though old enough to be your granny.

She came, resplendent, vivid, sweet,
To young New York from old Vienna;

The men were dust beneath her feet,
The women wished her in Gehenna.

She charmed a brilliant Columnist;—

Because it's dangerous to slight one

I'll have to mention all the list,
And you (not I!) may pick the right one.

Unknown, she snared this Heywood Broun

At sundry plays that both attended.
Alas, alas, the gay gossoon,
His care-free nights and days are ended!

But while she wished alone to bloom,
That bold Frank Adams forced a meeting;

He demonstrated "who was whom,"
And two fond hearts as one were beating.

Though fearlessly she bared her past
And made it clear from when she dated,

Don Marquis swore to hold her fast!
A brief, dear while their souls were mated.

Her blood was young, her mind was old,

Her duty called. It pained her sorely,

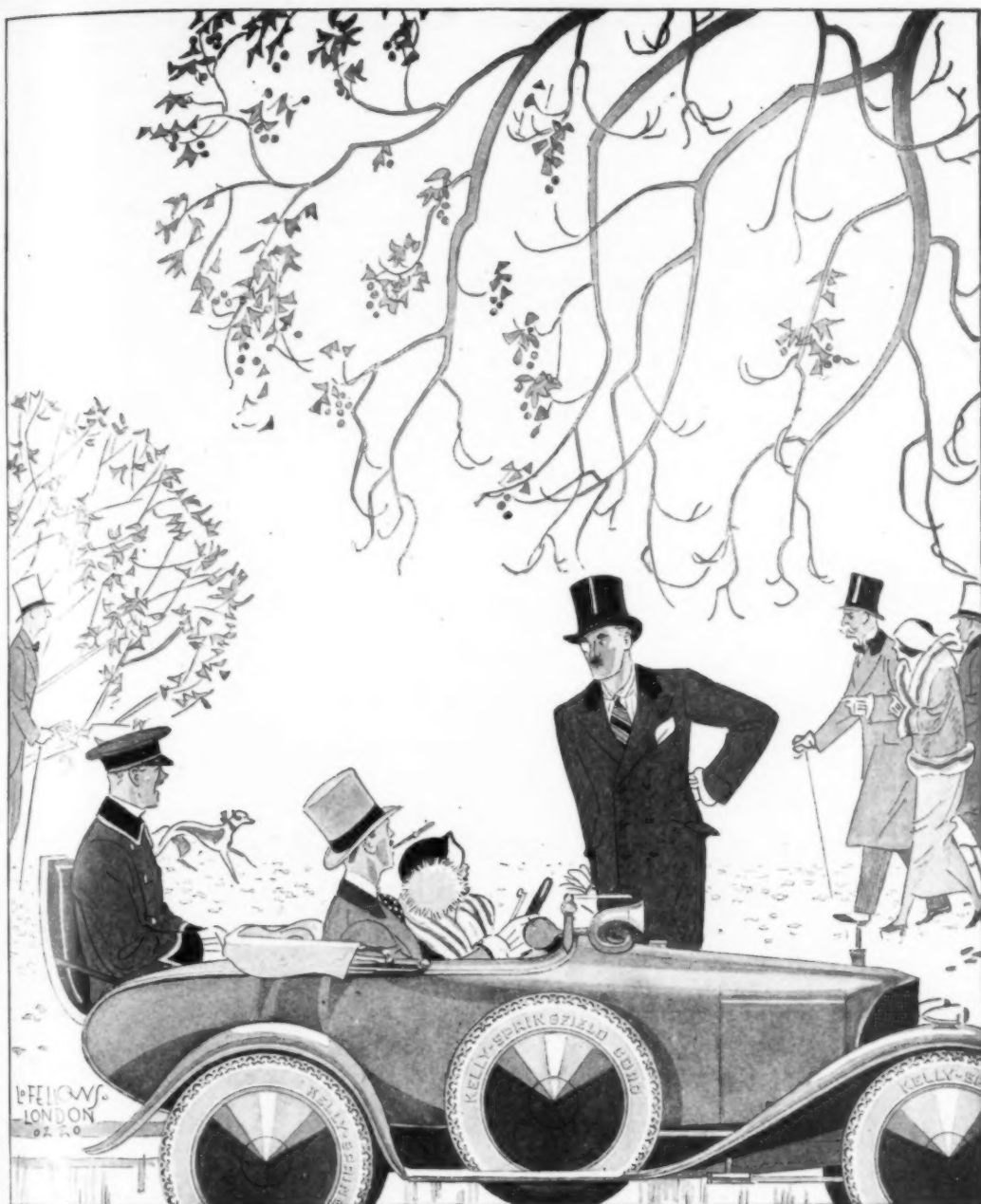
But still, before their love grew cold,
She bravely jilted poor Chris Morley.

She led those Columnists a dance!
And yet, of course, their hopes miscarried;

I knew they didn't have a chance,
For three are fat and all are married.

A. G.

How many of us have stopped to consider just of what character have been the factors that have most influenced our lives? Have they been vital issues? The answer is invariably no. We have been chiefly swayed by a catch phrase, a chance conversation, a suggestion made half in jest, a random thought in the bath, a kiss. . . .



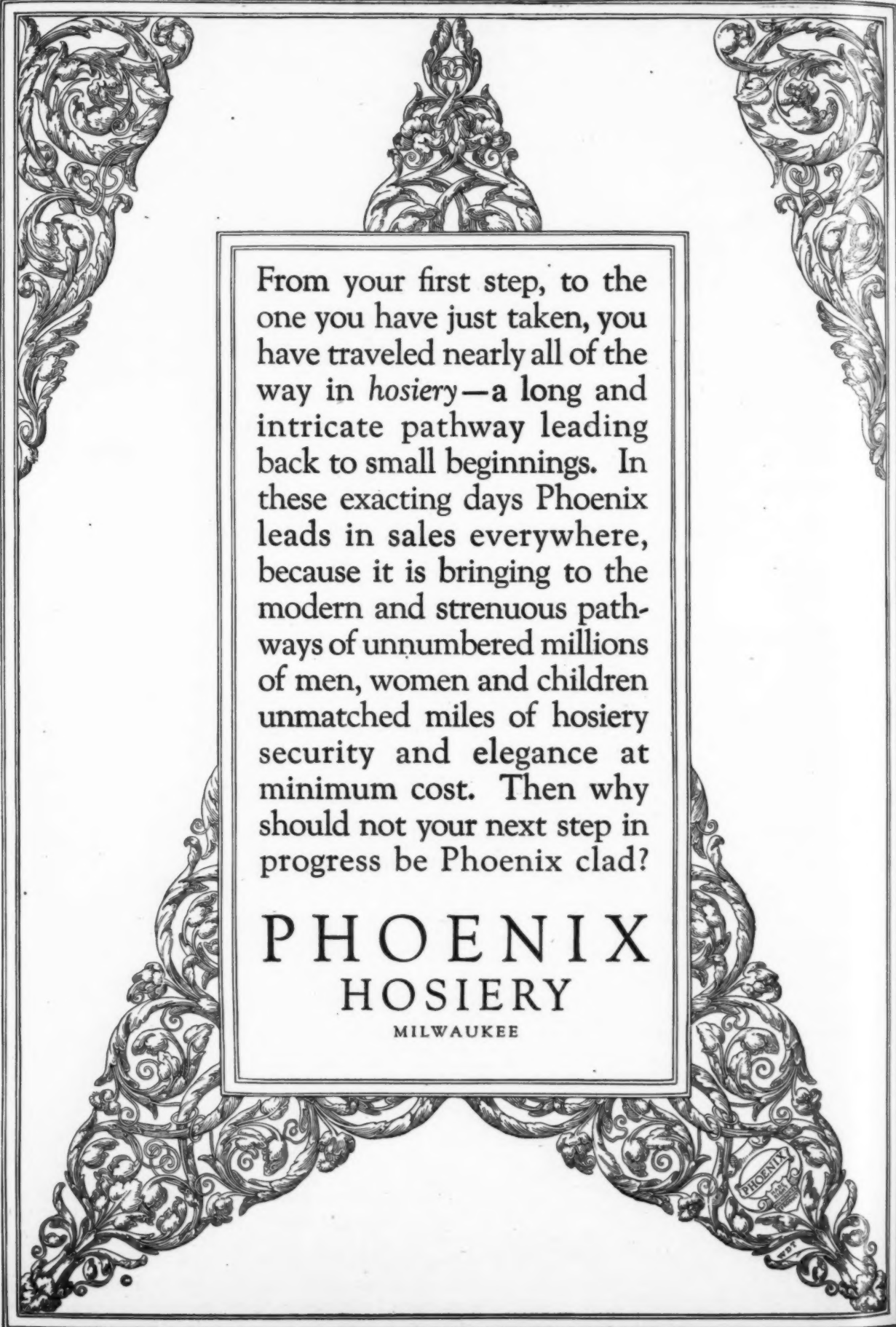
HYDE PARK, LONDON*

Hon. Freddy—"Haven't the foggiest idea, old chap—Ridley, do we use tyres?"

Ridley (waxing warm)—"Kelly-Springfields, sir—American, nothing to touch 'em—never blow or skid—a bit of orl right, sir, if you ask me!"

THE qualities which a motorist seeks in tires are the same practically all over the world. These qualities are long mileage, freedom from trouble, safety from skidding, and low cost. Since Kellys combine all these qualities to a marked degree, it is not surprising that they have become internationally famous. It costs no more to buy a Kelly.


*Drawing and dialogue by Laurence Fellows, London



From your first step, to the one you have just taken, you have traveled nearly all of the way in *hosiery*—a long and intricate pathway leading back to small beginnings. In these exacting days Phoenix leads in sales everywhere, because it is bringing to the modern and strenuous pathways of unnumbered millions of men, women and children unmatched miles of hosiery security and elegance at minimum cost. Then why should not your next step in progress be Phoenix clad?

PHOENIX HOSIERY


MILWAUKEE




Life

Spring Song: Model 083-X.
(For Spring Seasons of 1923-29 Inclusive)

SPRINGTIME'S here in all her splendor,
Rose-lipped maiden, shy and slender.
Sparrows chirp and robins carol,
Nature dons her green apparel.
Skies no more are drear and cloudy,
Sunbeams wake you with a "Howdy!"
This the equinox's greeting:
Laugh and love for Time is fleeting.
All the birds are tweet-tweet-tweeting,
Spr-r-r-ring is here!



Over hill and rill and valley
Trip the wood nymphs' corps de ballet.
Pan, through forest roaming, lends a
Hand and pipes a gay cadenza.
Lovers' vows are softly spoken
Only to be rudely broken.
Now's the time, when flowers burgeon,
Freshmen start their cosmic urgin'.
Hail to April—blushing virgin!
Spr-r-r-ring is here!



Brooklets babble, purl, and gurgle.
Butterflies sweet nectar burgle.
Kissed by soft, caressing zephyrs,
Branches sway o'er drowsy heifers.
Heigh and ho for wonders vernal!
Ho and heigh for Youth Eternal!
Bards give praise to God and Allah;
Others sing of Maude and Molla.
Tra-la-la-la, la-la-la-la,
Spr-r-r-ring is here!

Max Lief.



G. H. H. H.



Mrs. Pep's Diary

myself cannot see the forest for the trees. I am sure of one thing, however: This world is more densely populated with those who are trying to be their brothers' keepers than with those

who are succeeding in loving their neighbor as themselves. . . . Walking out through the town, and strongly minded to go to an inn and eat my fill of Hollandaise sauce and crisp potatoes, but thinking better of it stopped at Hicks' for my noon-day glass of milk and vichy, and felt after I had downed it as if I had won a great battle. Nor did I stop at Marge's for tea, neither, knowing full well that she would be having huge plates of buttered Swedish biscuit and would consume them with relish in my presence. So home, and Bruce Webb, the young man who manipulates my bonds, come to see me with great talk of an advan-

tageous shift, but aught I know of the business is that I give him pink and blue pieces of paper in exchange for green and yellow, nor do I give much heed to what is written thereon, forasmuch as the places mentioned in most cases seem too distant to be safe. But Bruce assures me that he is astute, and I do indeed trust him, albeit I would rather he had not purchased me a thousand dollars' worth of Soissons, for I did behold that town after the war, and it looked pretty ruined to me.

Baird Leonard.

Spring

(By an Official News Agency—
Special to LIFE.)

ANNAPOLIS. March 17.—

A news dispatch says spring's been seen.

BERLIN. A Reuter telegram Says spring's arrived in Rotterdam. PIERRE, N. D. J. Perkins Whank, Vice-President of the Drovers' Bank,

Stated when interviewed to-day, "Beyond all doubt spring's on the way."

The birds, it is reported, sing. It is, a rumor has it, spring.

B. I.

March 30th It is now five days since I did go upon my diet, and I gravely doubt if I can keep to it as long as I intended, for Lord! those about me seem to talk of naught but food, and every book I pick up goes into culinary details and every play I see has a stage meal in it. Nor does it help me to hear that Marge Boothby, who went on the regimen at the same time, did decide last evening that life was too short for the protraction of such agony and sat herself down immediately to a large repast of forbidden viands which she enjoyed beyond measure. But I pray that I may hold out until I have lost ten more pounds. . . . To a large luncheon of my sex, where the abundance of fine food did cause me to compare my state with that of Tantalus, and thence to my milliner's to try on my new hat, and overjoyed with its fidelity to the original model, a rare thing. But when I asked to be shown suitable veilings, the saleswoman did earnestly advise me against them, saying they were not vogue. So I heeded her counsel, not wishing to disturb her evident conviction that none but a fool would go against the dictates of fashion. . . . To dinner and the play, wearing my costliest earrings with some misgivings. But when we reached the darkened dance club afterwards, I did exchange them for another pair which Sam had brought in his pocket and for which I had laid out only seventy-five cents.

March 31st Lay late, pondering on this and that, and distressed because there are so many matters on which I have indifferent convictions, if any at all. But there is much to be said on both sides of all questions, and of late people seem to go out of their way to say it, until a poor wretch like



Mrs. De Silke: Tell me, my dear, how do you manage to keep your servants such a long time?

Mrs. Van Stuyt: Well, you see, my husband has had years of experience handling prima-donnas.



Customer: I am looking for a book that will interest a youth of about seventeen or eighteen.
Clerk: Sorry, sir, but we haven't any of that type in stock just now. You see, we've been raided twice this month.

Suggestions for the People's Theatre

IF Mr. Morris Gest goes through with his plan for establishing a People's Theatre in New York, around which an institution similar to the Moscow Art Theatre may be built, we hope that we may look for the following reforms, without which it cannot rightly be called a "People's Theatre."

1. The abolition of the paper drinking-cup slot-machines in the smoking-rooms, which cause thousands to die of thirst every night simply because they happen not to have a penny in change.

2. Safety devices on the backs of the seats to keep the person in front of you from jamming the seat down on your toe, or, viewed from another

angle, to keep the person in back of you from sticking the toe of his boot through the back of your seat.

3. Ample passage-way between rows to allow two people to walk abreast on the way out between the acts without barking the shins of those remaining seated.

4. Wind-shields to protect patrons from back-stage draughts when the curtain is up.

5. Adequate provision for killing late-comers.

6. Patent device whereby, when a patron has coughed twice, his seat collapses under him and he is dropped through a trap-door into the cellar.

7. Enlargement of the foyer to do

away with the rush-hour congestion of lobby-hounds returning to their seats after the intermission.

8. Improvement of hat-holding device underneath seats, so that one side of wire is not always missing, rendering the arrangement useless.

9. Building of catch-trays around the seats to make it possible for ladies to drop their hand-bags without their escorts having to paw about on the floor to recover stray cosmetics and rolling nickels.

10. Or, better than any of these arrangements, have no provision for any audience at all. We can never have an art theatre of any value so long as an audience is allowed in the house.

Robert C. Benchley.

The Baseball Outlook

FROM where we park our typewriter, it certainly looks as if baseball during the approaching, or 1923, season were going to achieve a measure of success unparalleled in the annals of the "national game." And this despite the fact that Judge Landis will, in all probability, wear that same trick hat of his. On cool days, it is feared, he may even bring out his sweater.

Nevertheless, the players are all signing up, and each manager is preparing his annual statement to the effect that his club is the logical winner of the pennant this year. Even the usual investigations of game throwing, buck passing, and similar pastimes of some of the players will have no apparent effect on the total attendance figures. A preliminary survey of the situation in the National and American Leagues discloses the fact that all the old stand-

bys will be standing by when the umpires step to the plate in the opening games and announce, "Ladeesngemlum! Braystodazgamelblurblurbmmgrmfplayball!"

It is a safe bet already that "Pop" Weevil will be found holding down his usual position in Seat 27, Row A, Sec. 15, which circumstance alone should have a distinctly helpful effect on the morale of the Yankees. "Pop," it will be remembered, was the originator and first user of the remark that did so much to inspire his particular section of the grandstand last season, when "Babe" Ruth would fail to connect for a home, sweet home run: "Yah! You don't need a home run! What you need is to run home!" When delivered with "Pop's" full mezzosoprano, the effect was little short of devastating; even when not full, his delivery was almost as powerful.

Mr. Weevil's vocal cords have been kept in splendid condition all winter by cheering at Six-Day Bike Races, and he should take the field in top form.

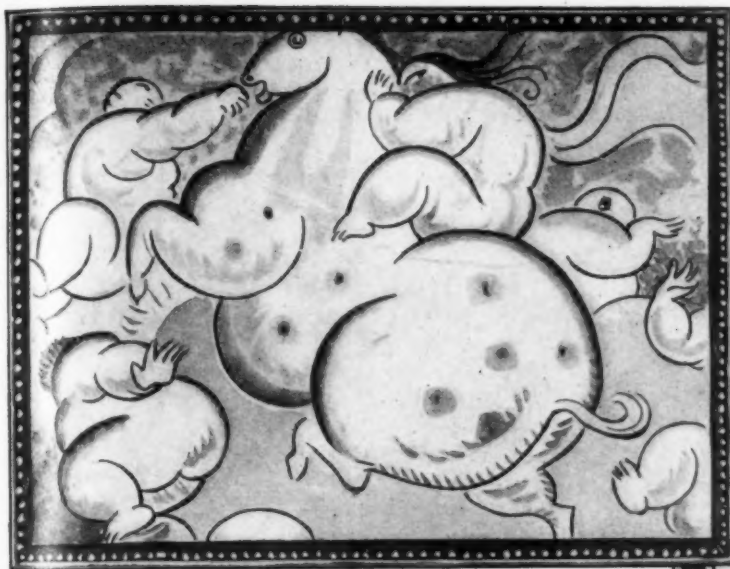
Then there is "Deadshot" Schultze of the St. Louis aggregation, the undisputed champion pop-bottle thrower of the Middle West. His score last season was 3 players and 4 umpires (2 of which were perfect put-outs), and 1 assist, when he picked up a bottle thrown from far back in the stand, and relayed it to the home-plate just in time to catch the runner. With any sort of luck, he should do even better this year.

Cleveland has been full of gossip that the Mulrooney brothers would enlarge their milk route to such an extent this spring and summer that it would be impossible for them to get back to town in time for the after-

(Continued on page 33)



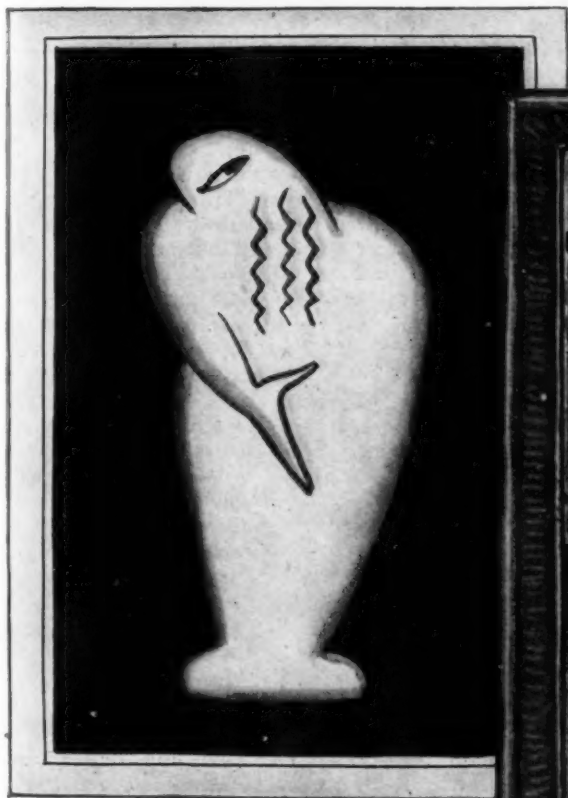
Country Doctor (to rustic): A perfect beauty, eight and a half pound.
Fisherman (listening in): Beg pardon, but was that a rainbow or a germanbrown?



"The Hunt," Rubens.



"The Angelus," Millet.



"Moses," Michelangelo.



"Man in Armor," Rembrandt.

Rea
Irving

Had They Worked in the Modern Manner



The Secrets of Washington

Sounder Announces Sensational Memoirs by Mrs. S.

WASHINGTON, April 3rd.—There is no denying that woman has become the determining factor in politics. The statesman whose wife cannot turn out a volume or two of indiscreet memoirs each year might just as well pack up right off and go back to the folks at home; his political career is doomed; he's a back number.

Mrs. Sounder

I am happy to say, has not failed me in my need. When I think of what that dear little woman has done for me, in my long political career—the babies she has kissed; the countless campaign photographs she has posed for, at the dish-pan or the clothesline; the delegations of camp-fire girls she has received—words fail me.

But No Support

she has given me surpasses the diary, which will soon be given the world. Not a friend she fails to offend; not an official she fails to disparage; not a secret, no matter whose, she fails to reveal. The perfect political memoirs!

I quote at random from the pages of her invaluable work:

Jan. 25th. Official Washington is very much upset to-day because the sixteen members of the committee who were getting up the garden party to raise money for the women and children of Latvia (wherever that may be—S. says it's in the Balkans, but I doubt it) suddenly went and committed suicide. It's too bad. Of course, a few committee members more or less don't matter in Washington, but they'll have to postpone the garden party and that's going to upset the whole social calendar.

Jan. 26th. Everyone is wondering why they did it. Mrs. B., the Senator's wife has

heard that they had taken in \$4857.22 and wore themselves out trying to divide it evenly by sixteen. S. maintains they had got hold of some poor bootleg stuff.

(I'll have to ask him how he knows so much about bootleggers, by the way. I've noticed he's been staying out pretty late with some excuse about night sessions for the Ship Subsidy Bill. A lot of the Senators' wives are getting suspicious of that bill.)

Feb. 2nd. Had a chat with Mr.

Coolidge at dinner at the Wardman Park. He was all upset because he had lost his memorandum pad; he knew that he had five dinners to attend that night, but didn't know where they were, and was afraid that international complications would result if he didn't show up. He looks poorly; Vice-Presidential eating is beginning to tell on him.

Feb. 4th. I have the real story of the sixteen committee members. Mrs. M. told me. They'd been arranging

the list of patronesses and were trying to figure out how to put Mrs. Secretary Z.'s name ahead of Mrs. Senator B.'s, and after Mrs. Ambassador Q.'s, which had to follow Mrs. Senator B.'s. These details count in Washington, you know, and the committee chose the only honorable way out.

Feb. 18th. To luncheon at the White House. Led by the President we voted the apple pie "some pie," but as a rule I don't like coffee with my meals.

S. spoiled an otherwise pleasant occasion by starting off home with the Austrian Ambassador's galoshes on and insisting that they were his own. Always the dumb-bell!

March 1st. There's a good deal of talk about the way a lot of official people are grafting on the government for free flowers, free autos, free music for their parties. If you happen to know someone up in the War Department you can even get free officers assigned to your dance.

Mrs. Senator Z. told me on high authority that the young lieutenant who is going to marry the oldest X. girl—the fat one, you know—had been detailed to the duty by the War Department. It seems a reasonable explanation at that.

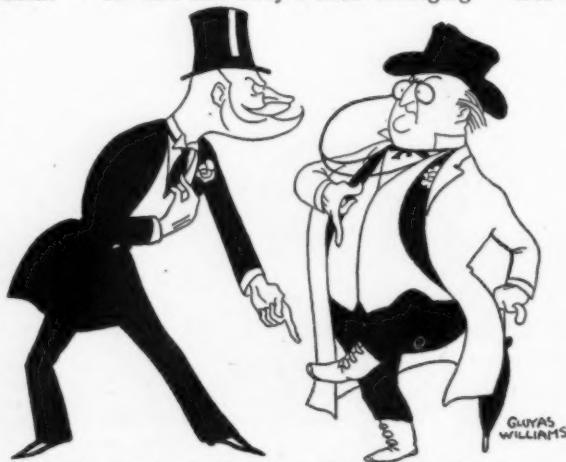
These Excerpts

give, of course, only the faintest suggestion of the merit of Mrs. Sounder's book. Yet they show, I think, that she can do as much for me as any of the other diarists have done for their husbands.

Sounder.



Mrs. Sounder, wife of the Senator, at work on her sensational memoirs.



Sounder insisted that the galoshes were his own.



Diana: I'm not going to be married when I grow up; I'm going to be a widow.

The Modest Oyster

(A Bivalvular Lament Written in a Moment of Malevolent Dejection.)

A MODEST oyster, I,
Bluepoint by name,
Superlatively shy,
Wherefore my shame
At this, the blot by which
My shield is marked,
That I'm, without a stitch,
In public parked.

The goldfish in his globe
Can turn his back
And cheat the public probe,
A power I lack,
And lobsters, served as food,
Contrive a flush,
But I, though much more nude,
Can't even blush.

Our dancers on the stage,
Although they try
To make undress the rage,
Wear more than I,
Doomed, in my fashion dumb,
To curse my star
And long for months to come
Without an R.

That dream told every day,
Of how, as guest,
You find to your dismay
You are not dressed
While dining at the Ritz
Or at some tea!
You laugh this off, but it's
No dream to me.

Prodded by every fork
Until I'm mad,
I vow my fate to balk
By going bad!
Then welcome, sweet ptomaine
And fatal time!
At least the final pain
Will not be mine.

George S. Chappell.



The Lane Duck Line

Life



Lines

THE economic situation is very grave. Practically no shortages exist.

The situation along the Ruhr seems to be a sort of Peace de Resistance.

Tut-ankh-Amen isn't to be unwrapped for another year. There's too darn much red tape about a mummy.

What has become of the old-fashioned fellow who used to earn a living reciting stock quotations and weather reports over the radio?

If the automobile output keeps on increasing it will soon be easier to own a car than to steal one.

Will Hays' movie directorship is just like his old post-office job—nothing but addresses.

Withdrawal of Rockefeller support from the Anti-Saloon League simply means they've quit pouring their oil on water.

The average telephone operator has to be understood to be appreciated.

In 1922 Americans consumed more than 100 pounds of sugar for each person, 98% of which was contained in their fiction.

These criminal days, the New York police force is working to beat the bandits.

According to our hustlers, it's the Rotary Clubs that make the world go round.

No wonder so many people are starving to death in China. Most of the rice is being made into face powder.

No man, these days, is a hero to his wallet.

The latest estimates state there are 7,500,000 golfers in the United States. So that leaves 112,500,000 listeners.



Making Conversation

Lady: But don't you think, Professor, that sin is better than it was?

Why all this agitation for Harvey's return? What has England ever done for us?

The Height of Something or Other: To give your wife cash as a birthday present and have her go and pay the first installment on something with it.

Senator Borah wants to make war illegal. Well, they made bootlegging illegal.

The fruit of congressional junkets is junk.

A popular science magazine announces a new way to make your tin cans at home. Unfortunately there is no way of telling whether the cans will appreciate this little attention.

The life of the average oyster, we hear, is ten years. After that, it starts its career as an article of food.

On the basis of non-combustible coal sold, 1923 will also be known as the Stone Age.

The Third Party—the Lost Battalion of 1923.

In view of the amount of it he has been getting for nothing, W. H. Anderson must feel rather sore when he thinks of that \$24,000 he spent for publicity.

Alexander the Great, so history relates, inquired of Diogenes whether there was any favor he could do him. "Keep out of my wave length!" barked the philosopher. "You're interfering with my bed-time story."

The attempt to bridge the gulf between Jew and Gentile would meet with

more success were it not for the circumstance that the bridge constitutes most of the gulf.

With half a dozen drug-traffic films being made in Hollywood, the heroin, of course, plays a leading part.

Someone should make it his business to tell the weather man that spring is here.

After all, however, spring is only the day before yesterday warmed over.



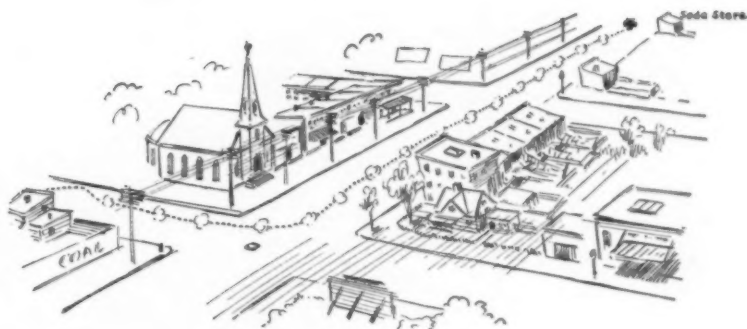
"At last, I got a tape measure."



"Five inches."



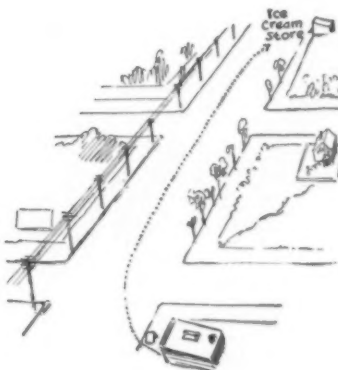
"Four and one-half inches."



"Seven inches!"



???



"Three inches!"



Seven inches



"Choc'late soda—extra sweet!"



"Gee! I'll betcha the man that handles that shovel has got a hard job. I'd hate to be him."
 "What about the feller down underneath that fills it up?"

In the Drug Store

SCENE: Any Drug Store that doesn't look like one.

LADY IN A HURRY (to a clerk): Is this a drug store?

CLERK: Certainly, madam.

LADY IN A HURRY: Well, I couldn't tell, the window is full of dolls and cameras! (She goes to a counter.) I want some iodine, please, my little girl has cut her finger and—

CLERK: That's farther down, madam, this is the stationery department.

LADY IN A HURRY (crossing the aisle): I want to get some iodine, please, my little girl has—

CLERK: This is the Circulating Library, madam, the drug department is over that way.

LADY IN A HURRY (catching sight of a counter ranged with various bottles and rushing to it): At last! My little girl has cut her finger and I want—(There is another customer ahead of her.)

CUSTOMER: That dye I got from you the other day, doesn't dye the color it says it is—

LADY IN A HURRY: I want some iodine, please!

SALESGIRL: I'm busy, madam.

CUSTOMER: You can't believe a word they say, that dye wasn't light blue at all.

LADY IN A HURRY: I want some iodine, I thought I would never find this department.

SALESGIRL: You couldn't have fol-

lowed the directions, it's all printed on the package—(to the lady in a hurry)—what is it you want, madam?

CUSTOMER: I want to consult you, it says wash thoroughly before you dye, but when my mother dyes she says—

LADY IN A HURRY: Iodine, please!

SALESGIRL: This is the toilet articles, you go over there by the fruit counter and through the picture frames and turn to the right.

(Lady in a Hurry rushes through picture frames and is immediately confronted by little tables with people eating lunch; this is more than she can bear and she sinks into a vacant chair.)

BOY (who is clearing tables): You'll have to get a check, lady—

LADY IN A HURRY: I don't want anything to eat, I just want some iodine.

BOY: Well, that's a new one on me, but you'll have to get a check.

LADY IN A HURRY (seeing that the boy has a kind face, ventures): Do you think you could show me where the drug department is? Don't hurry, tell me slowly—

BOY: Well, I've only been here a few days, so I don't know very well, but you see that sign, well, that's the Theatre Ticket Agency, and then there's the men's furnishing, and I think the drug department is in the corner, next to the subway entrance.

LADY IN A HURRY: Oh! You have an entrance to the subway?

BOY: Sure.

LADY IN A HURRY: Well then, I'll just go down there and get my iodine in Brooklyn; it will be quicker.
Beatrice Herford.

The Whirl of Time

(Full Tone)

IF Cleopatra's Needle played
 The Music of the Spheres,
 In record form, now what would be
 The sounds to reach our ears?

Would the swift-moving disc of
 Time

Give Angel's Serenade,
 Or jazz instead some Heavenly Blues
 Of deepest azure shade?

THE Song Without Words—the
 Star-Spangled Banner.

MANY a poor worm doesn't know
 which way to turn.

Sock Murchison

Answers Your Golf Questions

Etiquette of the Links

Laddie: No, it was wrong to shout "Beaver!" at Royal Cortissoz when he was making an approach. Anyway, the U. S. G. A. has declared Cortissoz exempt for the year 1923-24. B. wins on a forfeit.

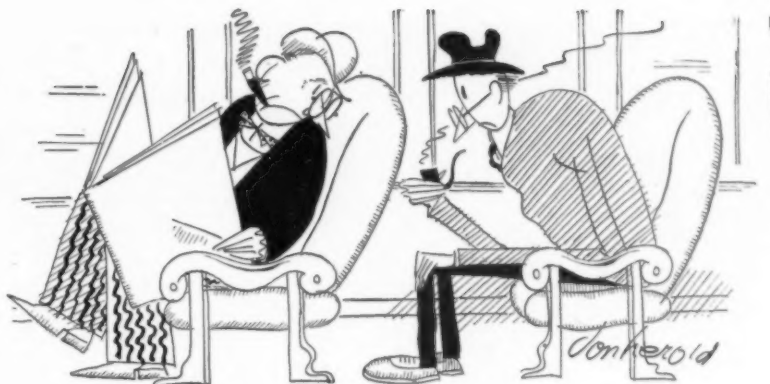
The Caddie Problem

Red: It is a misdemeanor to hit your caddie with a leather-faced cleek. I always carry a heavy niblick in my bag for that purpose. See Rule 56a; footnote; Encycl. Brit., Vol LX, p. 562.

Trixie: Heliotrope knickerbockers go well with auburn hair, of course, but I advise something a little more—er—well, you know. Yes, I like diamond-figured tricolor stockings. How did you guess it?

George: Cut it about one-third with distilled water. You can get extract of juniper in any drug store. Always try to hit the middle ball.

Benny: Send stamped, addressed envelope for my complete list of reasons why a husband should not play with his wife.



"I've decided to sell my house."

"I thought you liked the place."

"I've a clinker in the furnace and can't get it out. The clinker goes with the house."

"Dear Sock: I played a match with an awfully attractive man the other day. At the second green, I let him hold my hand. At the fourth, he had his arm about my waist. At the seventh, he kissed me. At the eighth, he drove out of bounds into the woods. I offered to help him look. Ought I to have? W. B."

Ask Beatrice Fairfax.

Send in Your Problems—We Have the Answers.

H. W. H.

Hostesses

HOSTESSES who are always "so enchanted" to see me; hostesses whose guests never know one another and who have absolutely nothing in common; hostesses who are Prohibitionists; hostesses who are invariably in a flurry; hostesses who make me dance with them; hostesses who tell me that they knew my grandfather; hostesses who ask me to dinner four times a week; hostesses who ask me to dinner once every four years; hostesses who are never seen at their parties.



"What lesson did you have at Sunday School, to-day?"

"Oh, all about the sheep and the little lambs, and the good and watchful leopard."

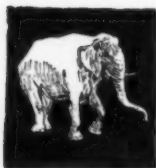


APRIL 5, 1923.

Vol. 81. 2109

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
 London Offices, Rolls House, Breems Bldgs., London, E. C.
 598 Madison Avenue, New York



MR. DAUGH-
 ERTY says
 that Mr. Harding
 is a candidate for
 another term as
 President, and
 there is general
 agreement among the newspaper
 brethren that Mr. Harding can have
 the Republican nomination next time
 if he wants it. The argument about
 that is that if his administration has
 been successful, the way to commu-
 nicate the fact to the voters is to run
 him again, and the Republican party
 cannot afford to admit that it has not
 been successful.

In some ways Mr. Harding is a
 very suitable person to be President.
 He takes the job as easily as he can,
 which is not saying much, for it is a
 very heavy job; but some of the in-
 cidents of it he is temperamentally
 suited to endure with less distress
 than most men. He is very friendly.
 He does not seem to mind being
 bored. His nerves are good. He is
 not irritable. He can stand a lot of
 publicity. The papers have been
 printing pictures of him playing golf
 in Florida with a crowd of idle per-
 sons around him to see him drive
 off. Doubtless, there is another crowd
 to see him putt. He seems to be able
 to enjoy golf and get a profit out of
 it under such circumstances. In that
 particular he has the temperament of
 a good King, who can stand exhibi-
 tion without suffering. He makes
 some bad appointments, more than
 Mr. Wilson did, though Mr. Wilson
 also could and did make at times bad
 selections. Presidents, however, sur-
 vive bad appointments unless they
 make great scandal.

If we need to have it expounded to
 us that government is not so im-
 portant as we think, and that leader-
 ship in the White House is about as

likely to do harm as good at the
 present time, then Mr. Harding is a
 good candidate. For any period
 where leadership is not important
 he is pretty good. It may be that two
 years from now leadership will seem
 more important than it does at pres-
 ent. In that case the Democrats
 may hunt around for some one who
 seems able to afford it, and if they
 find such a man, so much the worse
 for Mr. Harding. To some people
 it may seem dreadful to think of go-
 ing on for six years more as we
 have gone on the last two years;
 but other people may feel that the
 after-war problems of the world
 have been slowly working out in
 the past two years and have made
 much better progress towards solu-
 tion than we have supposed, and will
 continue to work out in much the
 same fashion no matter who is
 President of the United States.



ALL the papers had long obituary
 notices of James R. Day, Chan-
 cellor Emeritus of Syracuse Univer-
 sity. He deserved all the space given
 him. He was a successful Methodist
 and very interesting of his kind. Un-
 der his management Syracuse Uni-
 versity swelled from a small college
 to a big one. He was a good adminis-
 trator and a friend of the capitalist
 system; not an apologetic friend but
 a convinced and hearty one, who al-
 ways came out strong for capital. He
 liked trusts. He liked riches. He
 liked big business. He liked building
 and getting things done. He believed
 in authority and used it freely
 enough, and yet he seems to have
 been a pleasant man and personally
 popular, though his ideas and con-
 victions were easy subjects for deri-
 sion and constantly incurred it. It
 comes easier to laugh than to

scold about Chancellor Day, he was
 so simple and frank in his confidence
 in business and his admiration for
 the old good rule. His University
 never advertised "Business Fore-
 casts" in the newspapers, as Harvard
 University is doing at this writing;
 but while he was at the head of it he
 collected ten million dollars for it
 from rich people, and left it an in-
 stitution with five thousand students.

For making things hum the
 Methodists are very great people.
 They are splendid in business. They
 are thrifty, moral, great regulators
 of other people's conduct, great be-
 lievers in the efficacy of legislation to
 cure everything, great raisers and
 spenders of money, and whoopers-up
 of salvation. It is only when they
 get mixed up with religion that they
 invite much criticism, and that they
 may avoid by ceasing to function as
 a church and becoming a political
 party or a business corporation. Of
 course, they have religion; they even
 have an infusion of Christianity, but
 so have the Mormons, though they
 seem primarily to be a great and
 going and opulent business concern.



A PROPOS of Methodists and
 their manifold activities, it is
 instructive to notice the good and
 bad about drink that comes along in
 the news. Somebody writes to the
 London *Spectator* that if whisky
 could be taken out of Ireland, Ire-
 land would settle down. Scotland is
 pretty drunken with five or six thou-
 sand public-house licenses, which
 most people agree are far too many,
 but Ireland,—so the writer to the
Spectator says,—“with a smaller
 population, has 17,000 licenses and in
 addition untold oceans of ‘potheen.’”

Too much whisky, undoubtedly, in Ireland! Some surplus of strong drink in England! But is prohibition the means offered to reduce it? Not at all. Not yet. A National Temperance Campaign of the Churches has started in Great Britain that aims to secure local option for England and Wales, the stoppage of the sale or supply of intoxicants on Sunday, and

prohibition of the sale of them to persons less than eighteen years old. During the war they did reduce drinking in England very considerably and advantageously by restrictions that fell far short of prohibition. Perhaps they can do it again.

Observe that the trouble in Great Britain seems to be mainly with hard liquor, though probably they have

too much beer there, too. General Allen, who commanded the American Forces at Coblenz, Germany, was asked if he had a hard time enforcing prohibition on his soldiers there. He said, "No. We followed the A. E. F. regulations and allowed the men to drink light wines and beer and they gave us no trouble."

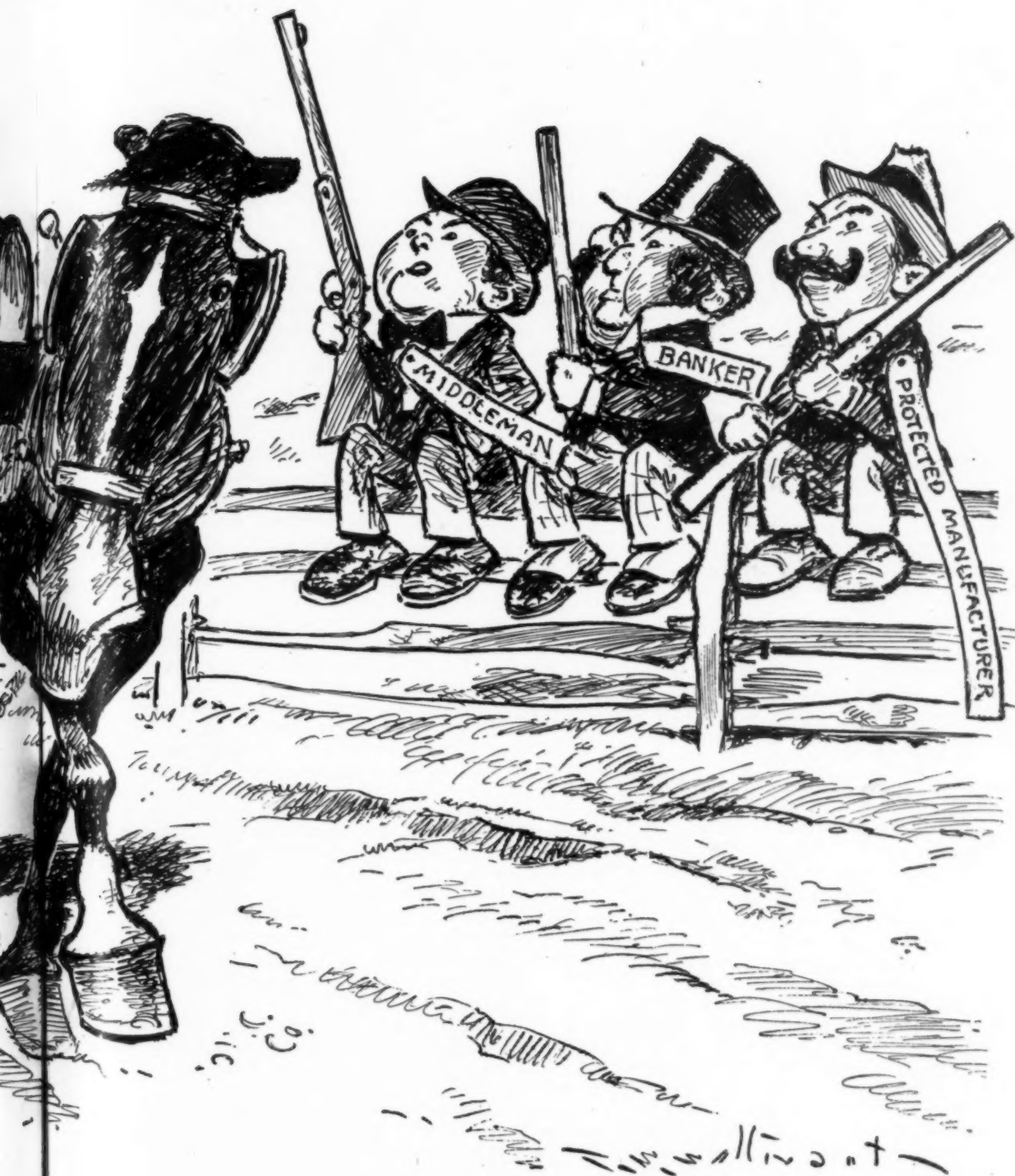
Edward S. Martin.



"Fire!"



Why the Average Farmer's Income Is Only



come Only Seven Hundred Dollars a Year



French Pastry

SOMETHING terrible has happened to Lionel Atwill. He is gradually turning ham. With mounting terror we have watched his metamorphosis, from the time, seven or eight years ago, when he first came to this country with Nazimova and later was our favorite villain with Grace George, through his long career as *Deburau*, when he was hardly less admirable, and then, slowly but surely, down-hill through "The Grand Duke" and into his incredibly affected performance in vaudeville last season. And now "The Comedian."

If you want to know what we mean by "ham," go to "The Comedian" and stick it out until the last act if you can. There, just before the curtain goes down, you will see Mr. Atwill's idea of how a man looks whose wife has just walked out on him. Facing the empty doorway, he gives his handsome countenance over to his emotions as a public playground. First there sweeps over it an expression of pain, then anger, then cynical bitterness, then something which it is difficult to identify but which most resembles the prelude to a sneeze. All this, mind you, on the same face and all within the space of one minute and for exactly the same price as you would pay to see William Collier register embarrassment alone.

This feat, together with his mannered reading of most of the lines of the play and his blasé habit of taking side-glances out into the audience while he is addressing another character, promises well for our former idol's soon becoming one of the actoriest actors on the stage to-day.



AND this is all the more to note when you consider that it has occurred under the personal direction of Mr. Belasco, who, some opening night when he is not caught so terribly unprepared for a curtain-call as he has been every opening night for the past twenty-five years, may admit that he is a very good director.

In "The Comedian," we find Mr. Belasco instituting what is probably going to be a national epidemic of Russian technique in the matter of direction. Only, instead of emulating the Russians in those respects in which they excel, the members of the cast in "The Comedian" have copied the Slavic method of playing comedy, by which each funny character takes his entrance on the dead run, dashes to the center of the stage before uttering a line, turns sharply to the audience, raises his arms over his head and yells: "Good morning, sir!" jamming his own silk hat down over his eyes to clinch the comic effect.

We also note the Russian example in dumb-show ensemble work when two of the characters in "The Come-

dian," while Mr. Atwill is demonstrating his art in another quarter, engage in a lively deaf-and-dumb act in a corner all by themselves just to show that they are not mere puppets. The effect is, to say the least, distracting.

As for M. Guitry's play (don't tell us that we haven't mentioned before that "The Comedian" is by Sacha Guitry!), it has an amusing rehearsal scene in the second act, thanks to H. Cooper Cliffe and Elsie Mackay (and an unnamed bull-dog who is the best actor in the piece).



M. GUITRY had another play produced in New York in the same week as "The Comedian." On the whole, we liked "Pasteur" (for such was its name) better than its more fortunate brother. This is not saying that we were mad about "Pasteur."

It did, however, have several impressive moments and a mildly moving performance by Henry Miller. In structure, it is merely a succession of episodes in the life of the great microbe-fancier, designed to show that he had a human side as well as a beard, and, on the whole, it achieved this result quite satisfactorily. It didn't make what you would call a thriller of a play, but there were several scenes during which the audience stopped coughing, which is something of which Messrs. Guitry, Miller, and Hornblow (who made the easy-riding adaptation) may well be proud. At other times, especially during the lecture periods, it had much the same stimulating quality as a real university lecture might have, and we found ourself drawing concentric circles and horses' heads on the margin of our program in the manner of a real university student taking notes.

We trust that we do not sound unchivalrous when we say that we never once noticed the absence of women characters in the cast.



THE third imported French model of the week was a farce called "The Love Habit." Deducting our usual impassivity in the face of French farces, we have left a fairly favorable impression which a couple of good nights' sleep might entirely obliterate. It is much better than the average, however, and is well and rapidly handled by a cast headed by James Rennie and Florence Eldridge. Furthermore, Mr. Pemberton has the distinction of having left it rich in its original sin, without Americanizing it by having it turn out that the man and his mistress were really married all the time and just playing a joke on his other wife. If you like French farces, this is a good one.

Robert C. Benchley.

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Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Adding Machine. *Garrick.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Fool. *Times Square.*—Christianity applied to modern problems. A good message delivered in the manner of the movies.

The God of Vengeance. *Apollo.*—Unnecessarily explicit dirt which is hardly redeemed by the performance of the elder Schildkraut.

The Guilty One. *Selwyn.*—To be reviewed next week.

If Winter Comes. *Gaiety.*—To be reviewed later.

The Last Warning. *Klaw.*—Murder mystery which includes you personally in its ramifications.

The Love Child. *George M. Cohan's.*—The emotional episodes in the life of a natural son. Sidney Blackmer as the son.

The Masked Woman. *Eltinge.*—Showing that a man with heart trouble shouldn't chase a lady around the room.

Pasteur. *Empire.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Peer Gynt. *Shubert.*—The younger Schildkraut in Ibsen's at times dramatic poem.

Rain. *Maxine Elliott's.*—Jeanne Eagels in a play which may shock but which will do you good, besides giving you several Grade A thrills.

Romeo and Juliet. *Henry Miller's.*—Jane Cowl.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth.*—A stogy play about Paris which gives Miss Menken a chance to act.

The Wasp. *Morosco.*—To be reviewed later.

Whispering Wires. *Broadhurst.*—A tricky murder play which we erroneously thought had left town.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic.*—Showing that the Jews and the Irish crack equally old jokes.

Anything Might Happen. *Comedy.*—Thin farce material backed up by a good cast.

Barnum Was Right. *Frazee.*—A try at another "The Tavern."

The Comedian. *Lyceum.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Give and Take. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Slapstick economics.

Icebound. *Sam H. Harris.*—Well-acted New England stuff.

Kiki. *Belasco.*—Only a couple more months, or maybe years.

The Laughing Lady. *Longacre.*—Ethel Barrymore in regulation drawing-room divorce banter.

The Love Habit. *Bijou.*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Love Set. *Punch and Judy.*—To be reviewed next week.

Mary the 3rd. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Unconventional theories on marriage stated in a conventional manner.

Merton of the Movies. *Cort.*—Glenn Hunter in splendid heart-breaking comedy.

The Old Soak. *Plymouth.*—Don Marquis' favorite character lending distinction to an undistinguished play.

Papa Joe. *Princess.*—0.0003.

Polly Preferred. *Little.*—Impossible but amusing movie burlesque.

So This Is London! *Hudson.*—Anglo-American caricature.

The Sporting Thing to Do. *Ritz.*—Emily Stevens fighting a losing fight against the author and the rest of the cast.

Why Not? *Forty-Eighth St.*—Excellent satire on divorce laws.

You and I. *Belmont.*—A good cast in a pleasant, though slightly over-scintillating, polite comedy.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Better Times. *Hippodrome.*—The children will enjoy this just as much during Easter vacation as they did at Christmas.

Caroline. *Ambassador.*—Good music, if that's all you want.

Cinders. *Fulton.*—To be reviewed later.

The Clinging Vine. *Knickerbocker.*—Peggy Wood in one of the best in town.

The Dancing Girl. *Winter Garden.*—A couple of laughs and the rest the same as usual.

Elsie. *Vanderbilt.*—To be reviewed later.

The Gingham Girl. *Earl Carroll.*—Good enough.

Go-Go. *Daly's.*—High-speed show, just off the burlesque type.

Jack and Jill. *Globe.*—To be reviewed next week.

Lady Butterfly. *Astor.*—Fifty-fifty, with Johnny Doolley counting fifty on the credit side.

The Lady in Ermine. *Century.*—Still plowing along.

Little Nellie Kelly. *Liberty.*—One of those Cohan shows.

Liza. *Nora Bayes.*—Negroes in a tornado of song and dance.

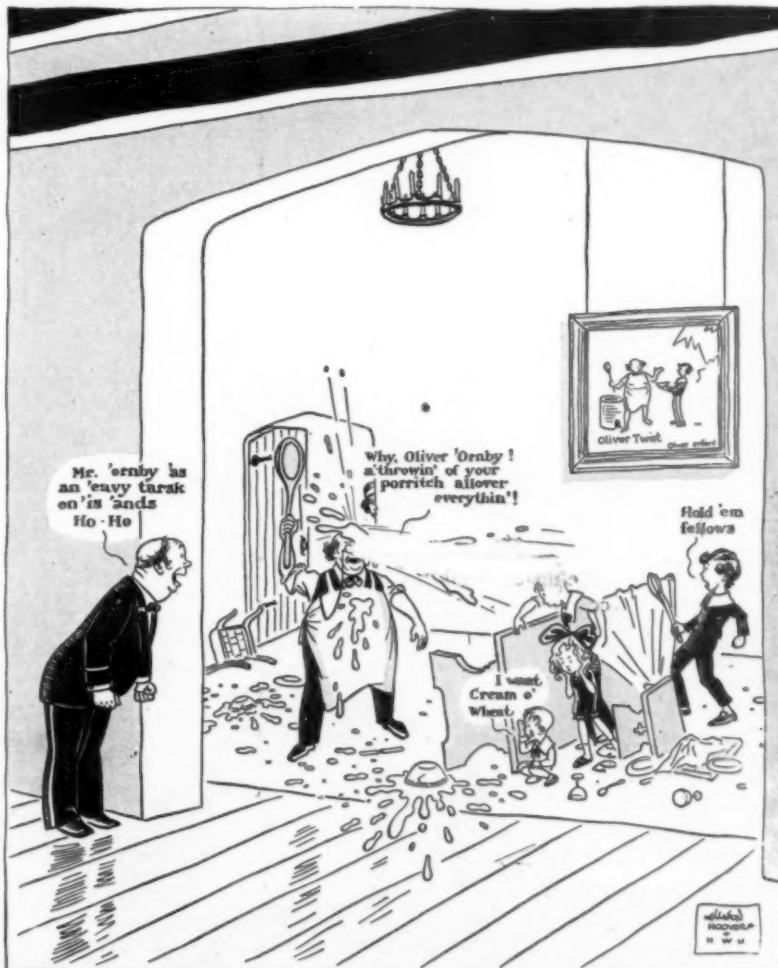
Music Box Revue. *Music Box.*—Bobbie Clark in some very funny skits and lots of other things.

Sally, Irene and Mary. *Forty-Fourth St.*—The dean among musical comedies.

Up She Goes. *Playhouse.*—Very nice and tuneful.

Wildflower. *Casino.*—A splendid score, with Edith Day and Olin Howland.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam.*—Good or bad, they are always the Follies. Why look further?



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY
No. 66. The Hornby children express their real opinion of H. O.

My Husband Says



HAT he likes an open car, because he loves to feel the wind slapping him in the face.

He says it's the only thing that can hit him in the face and get away with it; and he'd like to "turn the other cheek also"; and it's one of the few times when he cares to obey the Scriptures.

I like them, too, except when I go to tea, or anything like that.

Mrs. Humphree Jones says a closed car keeps one so intact. She says she hates teas and concerts, and would *never* go, if she hadn't a limousine with pearl-gray upholstery and fittings.

She said if her husband drove his own car, she would put him in livery to match.

My husband drives, so I thought I'd like to change the subject; so I asked her if she had read "Women in Love."

She said she really couldn't remember, because she read her Shakespeare so promiscuously that she confounded him with everything else.

I thought maybe she'd like to talk about plays; so I asked her if she had been to town to see "The Dawn of Twilight." I thought the leading lady wore such heavenly clothes, and it was all so charming.

She said, "Mercy, no! I saw it in New York last winter, and they *never* send the original cast *here*. I should be bored to death."

But my husband says the Joneses haven't been to New York since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first played there. I couldn't think of anything else to say, and I was awfully glad when Mrs. Wilkinson Smythe came over, and asked me if I enjoyed my trip to Europe. I said I had had a perfectly wonderful time.

She said that when her husband frequently mentions a trip to Europe she always says, "No. I think it is the *duty* of every one to see his *own* country *first*." She asked me if I had been to California, and I hadn't. She just said "Oh," in a very cold tone. I felt awfully, and I was so sorry I hadn't kept my new squirrel coat on, for even if it was fiendishly warm, I could have thrown it open, and it has a stunning lining, in heavenly shades of old blue and silver.

Mrs. Smythe has worn her fur coat for two seasons. But she has a lovely lorgnette, on a real platinum chain. I think lorgnettes help ladies to think of mean things to say. I'd love to have one.

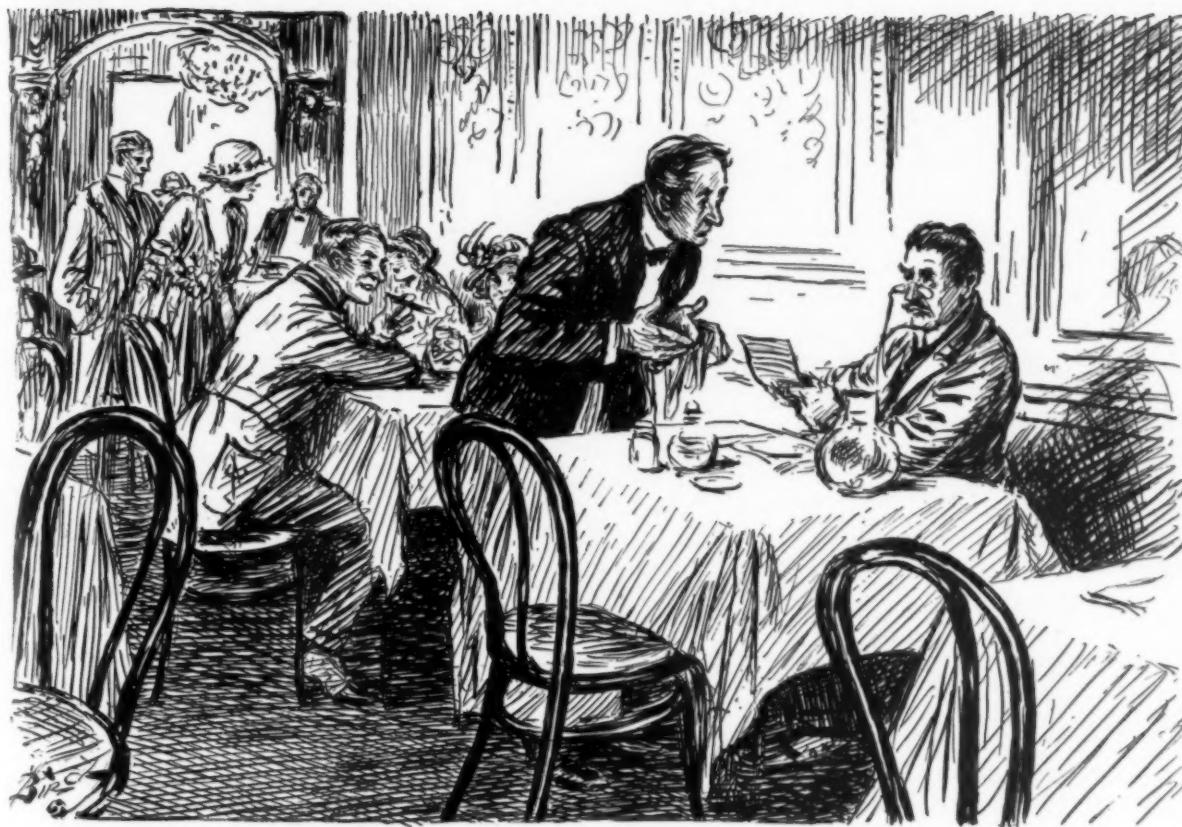
But my husband says he doesn't wish me to.

He says he is taking no chances.

L. Blanche Simpson.



"There it is again! Oh, Edward, I'm sure there's something psychic about your playing!"



Obsequious Waiter: Lovely weather we're having to-day, sir.
Absent-minded Patron: All right, bring me some.

Snow in California

I RECENTLY read with profound sorrow that it snowed in Southern California. My impression is that the dispatch said it snowed in Los Angeles, but obviously I must have been befuddled. It might conceivably snow elsewhere in Southern California, but never in Los Angeles. Even when the U. S. weather report credits Los Angeles with 50 inches of rainfall, it invariably follows in the next column with the word "clear." Not even the government scientists dare affirm that the rain in Los Angeles falls from clouds. It is merely another manifestation of that glorious sunshine, like no other sunshine anywhere.

But the reason I feel so sad is not that snow has fallen over most of Southern California except Los Angeles, but that somebody out there told about it. I should think the snow would have been rather a novel relief to a people basking in the unbroken perfection of their climate, and as for the price of

lemons and oranges, they would have gone up anyhow. A cataclysm of nature is not needed to boost the price of food in this great and glorious republic. Man has long since triumphed over his environment. He can now boost prices far more effectively on his own initiative. When left alone, in fact, nature is apt to be ridiculously abundant.

No, my heart bleeds for the poor chap who told. I have scanned the papers every day to learn, if possible, his fate, speculating whether it would be immersion in boiling oil, exile to Death Valley without food or water, or merely a common halter.

So far, however, not a line has come through. This Pasadena prevaricator, this Los Angeles liar, this San Diego devil, this Santa Barbara Bolshevik, has either escaped detection or filed his dispatch in Nevada, or he had fled into the fastnesses of the High Sierras, there miserably to perish. I cannot but feel sorry for him, traitor though he be.

He is a marked man. The hand of every citizen in a great Commonwealth is against him. He has committed the Ultimate Blasphemy. He has spoken ill, *outside the family*, of the glorious climate of Southern California. Not Ajax was more foolhardy, not Satan himself more impious.

Another thought comes to me, and I grow sadder still. It may be that he has been detected, that he has been punished. But no other reporter, no other telegrapher has dared to tell the country the awful details of his fate. He may have been condemned to live forever in the glorious sunshine of Los Angeles.

Walter Prichard Eaton.

Points of View

THE Philistine and the Poet together viewed the advent of dawn. "Ah," cried the Philistine, "it is the beginning of day."

"Alas," the Poet sighed, "it is the end of night."



The Rain Makers

"Go up and bust that there cloud over th' ten-acre field, Noah—before somebody else gets it; an' fer th' love o' peace, keep off th' ol' woman's washin'!"

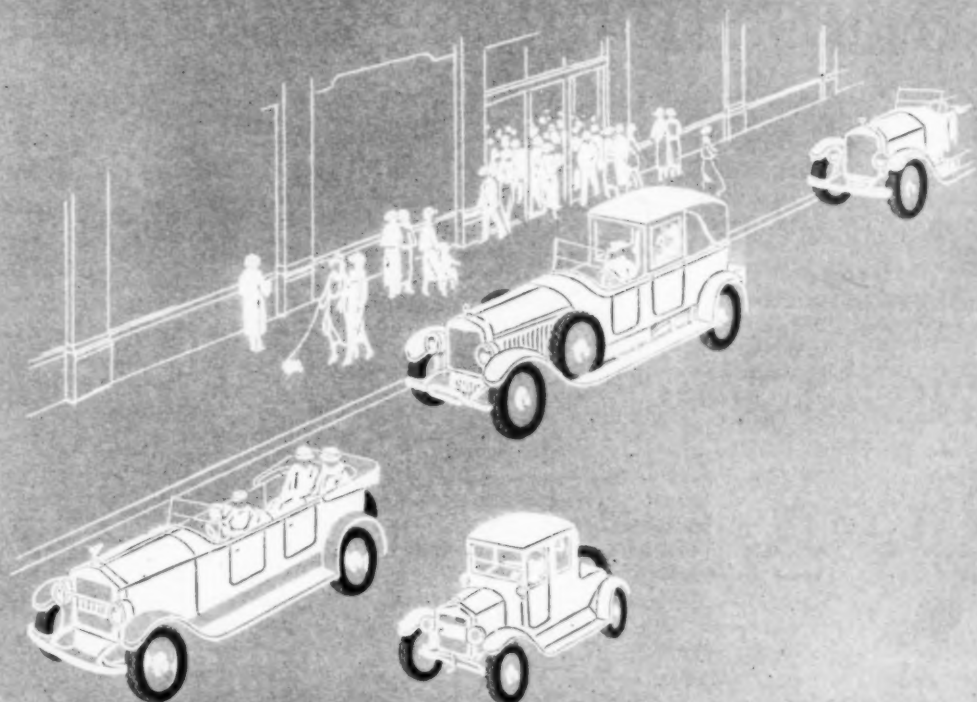
The Dance

SILVER wreaths and snow-white waistcoats, tulle and gold-tipped cigarettes, satin slippers and pearl studs, champagne punch and rubber plants, introductions and orchids, waxed floors and interminable waltzes. "'Neath a South Sea Moon" and three no-trumps, stepped-on toes and invitations to dinner the following Thursday, wilted collars and strawberry ice. A gathering of stags in the pantry, promises to telephone the next morning, the host surreptitiously glancing at the clock every five minutes.

How easily is dignity put to rout. A nose that itches, watery eyes, a smudge on the cheek, a touch of hay fever, a frayed collar, a hat one size too small and man's aplomb bursts like a bubble.



"How'd ya like to have two teeth like them?"
"What good are they?—ya can't crack nuts with 'em."



How Republic built

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oped. Ebony black Prodiunm Processed Rubber brings long mileage.

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REPUBLIC TIRES

With SILENT NON-SKID STAGGARD STUDS

THE SILENT DRAMA

"The Covered Wagon"

WHEN a schoolboy, struggling manfully with exams at the end of a term, is asked for an outline of American history, he generally lists these major events: Discovery by Columbus (1492), Settlement of Jamestown (1607), Arrival of Mayflower (1620), French and Indian War (1756), Revolution (1775-81), Constitution Ratified (1788), War of 1812, Monroe Doctrine (1823), War with Mexico (1846-48), Civil War (1861-65), Steve Brodie's Leap from Brooklyn Bridge (1886), and War with Germany (1917).

There is one glorious period of American history which is usually omitted from such lists. Indeed, it has received but little recognition, except in the works of Francis Parkman and in those humble, paper-covered dime novels that used to be frowned upon by the same type of person that now frowns on the movies. I refer to the period that commenced about 1848, and which resulted in the settlement of the Pacific coast. It was then that the pioneers—men, women and children—struggled across the prairies and over the mountains in their trains of covered wagons, passing through incredible hardships and cordons of hostile Indians that they might ultimately drive their plows into the soil of Oregon and California.

Emerson Hough has written a story of this heroic period called "The Covered Wagon," and this story has been made into a motion picture. I venture to say that hereafter the pioneers of the Oregon trail will receive honorable mention in every schoolboy's list, even if he flunks on all the other important dates.

"THE COVERED WAGON" is a great picture, not so much because it is based upon a magnificent theme as because it has been produced with genuine skill. James Cruze, who directed it, and Jack Cunningham, who adapted the story, have stuck closely to the point. They have refrained from trimming Mr. Hough's story with any movie hokum, and have had sense enough to appreciate the essential simplicity of the drama.

The picture is actually as realistically biographical as "Nanook of the North." It never appears to be a trumped-up affair, played by grease-painted actors in a Klieg-lit studio. The dust raised by the covered wagons is *real* dust, the Indians who battle to save their plains from the white invaders are *real* Indians and the beards on the protruding chins of the pioneers are *real* beards.

The outstanding performance in "The Covered Wagon" is contributed by the lengthy Ernest Torrence, as a picturesque frontiersman. Tully Marshall is also excellent, as are Lois Wilson, J. Warren Kerrigan and John Fox.

In every respect, "The Covered Wagon" is a worthy



achievement. As a motion picture, it is thrilling, forceful and sincere; as a historical document, it is of inestimable value. I commend it to the attention of all Americans who like to believe that the United States wasn't always a nation of George F. Babbitts and Merton Gills.

"Jazzmania"

IN her latest picture, "Jazzmania," Mae Murray appears as a queen. She is not, however, what you might call a typical queen. In fact, it may safely be said that she bears no resemblance whatever to Victoria, for instance.

The queen in "Jazzmania" is only Mae Murray with a crown. She is a madcap, a chronic strutter, a little mischief—and she is supremely proud of those anatomic contours which were moulded by a prejudiced providence. She makes no secret of them. She actually throws them in the spectator's face.

"Jazzmania" is a good, average Burlesque Show—minus the noise and the delegation of sailors in the stage boxes. When Miss Murray puts on a beaded bathing suit and writhes across the screen, one is forced to suppress the temptation to whistle shrilly through one's teeth.

Don't miss "Jazzmania," boys: It's Classy, It's Peppy and It's All Hot. Something Doing from One to Eleven.

"Brass"

ALTHOUGH I have been assured that the motion picture, "Brass," is a gross mutilation of the novel from which it sprang, I am compelled to report that I liked it immensely—principally, perhaps, because I haven't read Charles G. Norris's book.

There is a great deal of sentimentality in "Brass"; but this isn't a fatal defect, for the sentiment is logical and sincere. There is also a great deal of sentimentality in real life, although its existence is persistently denied by the disillusioned literary flappers of the present generation.

There is also some good acting in "Brass," principally by Marie Prevost, and the direction of Sidney Franklin is excellent. As an adaptation of a novel, "Brass" may be utterly worthless; but as a straight movie, it is exceptionally intelligent. Therefore, in view of the fact that I am a film critic and not a book reviewer, I am compelled to stamp "Brass" with the seal of hearty approval.

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 35)



Mother and Child doing well

Every year —

These glad tidings are sent out by more than two million proud fathers in the United States. They are sent from the bedsides of the two million or more happy mothers who have had competent care.

Motherhood is Natural —

and where the mother's health has been safe-guarded before the coming of her baby and where she has had proper care at its birth, the happy report follows: "Mother and child doing well."

But what of the thousands of unfortunate mothers—who have no pre-natal care and who, when their hour comes, are in careless or incompetent hands.

20,000 Such Mothers Die Needlessly— die needlessly every year in the United States. "Put just one of these mothers in a vast hall. Let her die publicly, where thousands can see her, and observe the outcry. Imagination fails!" So writes a great editor.

Two-Fifths of the Deaths from Childbirth

are the result of ignorance or criminal carelessness. The medical name for the direct cause is Septicemia. Septicemia is infection, caused by germs on attendant's hands, on instruments, on linen, or on some other article used in caring for the patient. Soap and water alone cannot produce the cleanliness necessary. Hands must be made antiseptically clean. Instruments must be sterilized (boiled). A little everyday knowledge and scrupulous care in each case—Septicemia is prevented—and these mother-lives saved.

5000 mothers die yearly from bodily neglect before their babies are born. The mother's body is working for two. This puts extra strain on the kidneys and other organs. Precautionary examinations by a physician show whether the kidneys are in good working condition, and care reduces danger from convulsions to a minimum.

Multiply that one dying mother by 20,000 and you get a picture that not only fires the mind beyond the realms of imagination, but one that stuns by its brutality—for most of these deaths are needless deaths. They can be prevented.

10,000 Men Killed—

When this news was flashed from the front during the Great War, our entire nation was hushed to tears and bowed its head in grief. Yet twice that many mothers die every year from childbirth here at home!

Millions are working for World Peace—working to save the loss of life in war. Then why permit the unnecessary sacrifice of mother-lives

—the choice lives of our Nation?

Mothers in every part of the country need help—

What shall the answer be? Husbands, physicians, hospitals, communities must ensure absolute cleanliness and provide skilled care.

More women in this country between the ages of 15 and 44 die from the effects of childbirth than from any other cause, except tuberculosis.

From its very beginning in 1909, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's nursing service considered the care of policy holders, before and after childbirth, as one of its chief obligations.

From January 1, 1922 to December 31, 1922, Metropolitan nurses made over 700,000 visits to policy holders in maternity cases, not

only giving pre-natal care but after-care to mother and child and teaching the mother how to care for the baby when the nurse's visits were no longer necessary.

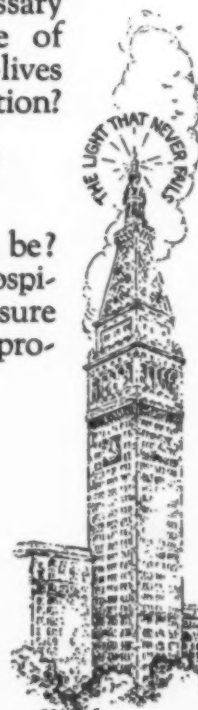
The death rate among Metropolitan policy holders from child bearing has been reduced, while the death rate among women lacking the visiting nurse service has actually increased.

Results obtained by the Metropolitan, together with the fact that wherever public and private agencies are working, the maternal

death rate is being reduced is an indication of the possibilities when every mother shall have pre-natal care and proper attendance during and after confinement.

The company is ready to send a simple but scientifically prepared booklet entitled "Information for Expectant Mothers". Your request by letter addressed to Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, will bring this booklet without charge or obligation.

HALEY FISKE, President



Published by
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK



Private Life

The little girl of eight had returned from school and was telling her parents about the picture they were going to get for their schoolroom. "Well," said she, "it is a picture of Washington, I think, giving up his sword and going back to be a human."

—*Indianapolis News.*

La Politesse

An Englishman in Paris had to visit the dentist.

"And, m'sieur," asked the servant in a tender tone, "whom shall I have the misery to announce?"

—*Royal Magazine (London).*

Respectfully Submitted

CALLER: Is the editor in?

OFFICE BOY: No.

CALLER: Well, throw this poem in the waste basket.—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

THE trouble about living just for the children is that they may think you are using good judgment.

—*Country Gentleman.*



"What are you crying for?"
"Because Nina won't play with me."
"Why won't she play with you?"
"Because I'm crying."

—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris).*

A Fable

"Mine" (wrote the Film Publicity Agent to his love) "is a flaming superpassion, the real tender world-shaking stuff that gets you by the heartstrings, raw elemental throbs that grip and clasp and quiver and clutch. You have never before conceived that such a colossal super-love could be featured throughout all the ages."

And she wrote back sadly, "You are getting tired of me. I miss the lyrical ecstasy of your earlier letters. Why do you write so formally, so coldly? I no longer stir you. Good-bye."

—*"Beachcomber," in London Daily Express.*

Something in This

"Please read me the poem you are reading, Mother?" begged a little boy, sweetly.

"But I'm afraid it's too old for you, dear," his mother answered. "I'm afraid you wouldn't be able to understand it."

"Oh, yes, I would," was the calm answer, "so long as you didn't try to explain."—*Washington Star.*

The Dismissal

TRAGEDY QUEEN (discovering the charwoman making free with the port wine): Go woman! Never whiten my doorstep again!—*London Mail.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$3.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

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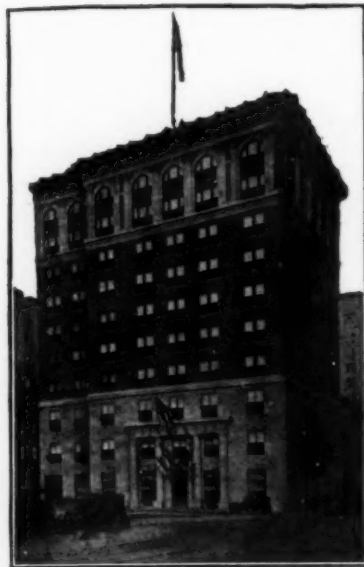
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The expenditure of effort and resources to make the Lincoln the finest motor car in the world is no more pronounced than the organization of means to render its maintenance convenient and economical.

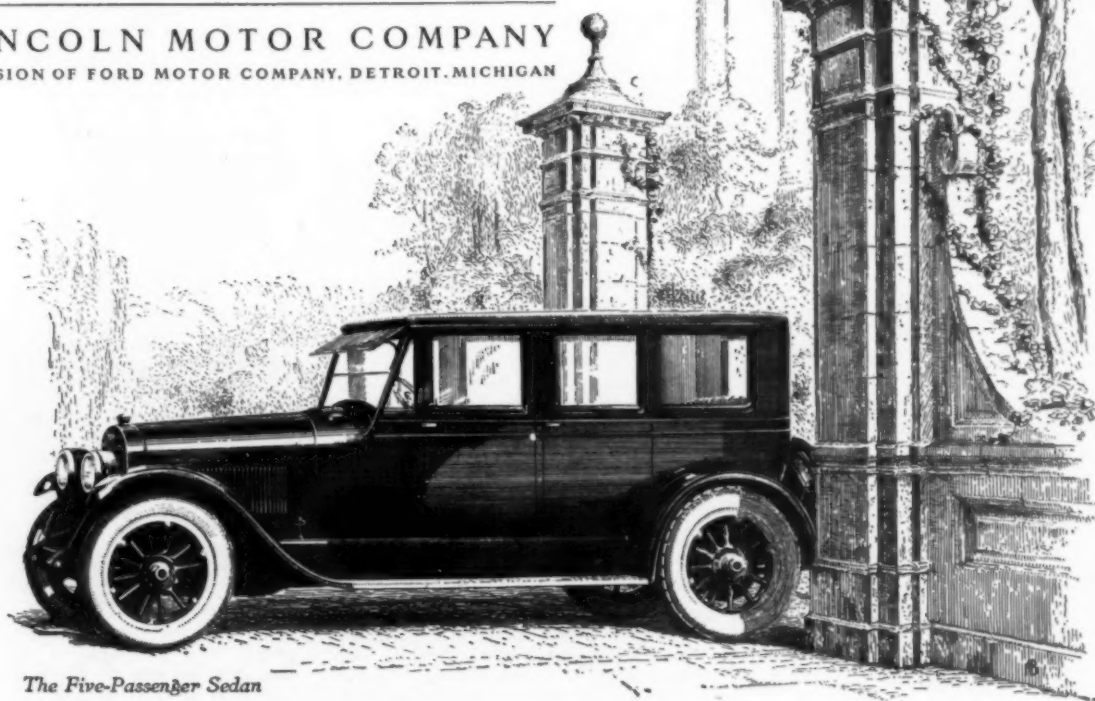
Lincoln service, therefore, is being rendered by factory-schooled men who are known to be competent to handle any detail of the car's care.

Wherever you go you will be only a short distance from a capable Lincoln mechanic with adequate equipment and supply of parts.

It is not only our purpose to make the Lincoln the finest car to be had at any price but also to provide it with the most complete and universal service. This is not a deferred promise, but a reality.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY

DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



The Five-Passenger Sedan

L I N C O L N



How about the corn-cob?

**The old family meerschaum
stirs no thrills in
this smoker**

"Dear Sirs and so forth," begins a letter we recently received from H. T. Spenser, Madison, Wisconsin, "I am cupping my hands in the shape of a megaphone and shouting a loud echo of approval to your correspondent who smokes a meerschaum pipe fifty years old.

"But I don't want him or any other smoker to get away with the idea that a meerschaum is the only pipe where Edgeworth is concerned.

"For, you see, I am a corn-cob smoker. What's more, I am a corn-cob-Edgeworth smoker!

"The corn-cob-Edgeworth combination is hard to beat. I have tried almost every combination of pipe and tobacco there is and have yet to find one that can approach it for year-in-and-year-out pipe smoking.

"So, if you're starting a Corn-cob - Edgeworth Clan, don't forget to put me down as a charter member."

We are continually being surprised by smokers who discover things about Edgeworth that we don't know ourselves. For instance, we never suspected that Edgeworth smokes any better in a corn-cob than it does in a briar. Frankly, we don't believe that it does. At any rate, we have any number of friends who claim that Edgeworth is the only tobacco to use in briars, in calabashes, in meerschaums, or in clays.

In smoking, we believe, it is every man to his own taste.

That's one of the reasons why we don't try to make all of the tobacco that is smoked in pipes. We know there are men who have perfectly sound reasons for not liking Edgeworth.

At the same time we know there are any number of men who would like it if they only had a chance to try it once. That's why we are always glad to send free samples.

If you have never tried Edgeworth, send us your name and address on a postcard. We will forward to you immediately free samples of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. If you also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, we will make it easier for you to get Edgeworth if you should like it.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 63 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Story That Helped

A banker with wide experience in pulling firms out of the difficulties into which the late deflation had brought them says that his best aid was a certain story. Whenever he said a thing must be done and the owners of the crippled business said they couldn't do it—which happened often—the banker would tell the following story:

A man was telling his son a bedtime story about an alligator. It was creeping up behind a turtle, with its mouth wide open. Finally it was within reach, but just as its great jaws were snapping shut, the turtle made a spring, ran up a tree and escaped.

"Why, Father," said the boy, "how could a turtle climb a tree?"

"By gosh," replied the father, "he had to."—*Wall Street Journal*.

Celestial Peeping Toms

From a Missouri exchange—"Roaring River City pillows her head on her own shadowy mountains, the stars pin back the curtains from the blue skies above her, and the angels peep through and smile at her delight, as she tucks her dainty wrapper around her knees and dabbles her dimpled feet in the clear, cold waters of Roaring River."

—*Boston Transcript*.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

National Equations

ONE RUSSIAN=genius, two Russians=disorder, three Russians=a row.

ONE GERMAN=nullity, two Germans=obedience, three Germans=organization.

ONE ENGLISHMAN=boredom, two Englishmen=association, three Englishmen=world empire.

—*London Daily Express*.

A Masterly Retreat

While he was travelling through Austria, recently, General Ludendorff was forced to hide under the seat of his carriage. We understand that he has since issued an official communique saying that he was merely looking for his ticket and the whole manoeuvre was according to plan.—*Ideas (London)*.

His Move

WILLIE: Won't your pa spank you for staying out so late?

TOMMY (whose father is a lawyer): Naw, I'll get an injunction from Ma postponing the spanking, and then I'll appeal to Grandma and she'll have it made permanent.

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Are You There?

According to a missionary lately returned from the Sandwich Islands, the native word for "Hello" is "Kalakao-hoikauhaihoihaukoi." It certainly seems to offer a good way of passing the time while waiting for a telephone call.

—*Punch*.

PERHAPS the best definition of middle age is the period at which one is most anxious to be assured that one is not yet old.—*Westminster Gazette*.

Nature's
Favorite

Apollinaris
"The Queen of Table Waters"

A Pure, Delicious
Mineral Water
containing only
Its own

Natural
Gas

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Company
Fifth Avenue at Forty-Second Street, New York



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Time to Re-tire?
Buy
FISK

Sure Relief
FOR INDIGESTION



BELL-ANS
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

The Reflections of a Mother-in-Law

"WHENEVER I watch Minnie scuttling about her electro-mechanical apartment I think of the evenings Lamech used to sit and read to me out of the Farm Journal about labor-saving devices. The closest we ever came to one while we lived on the farm was the time we harnessed the old sheep dog to the churn.

"I thought I had seen them all, but Min showed me a new one to-day. For three weeks I'd been trying to get up enough courage to tell her that I wanted to go and visit Ella's folks in Ohio a spell but didn't want to desert her with her spring sewing not done. When I finally gave her the hint, she turned off the electric



Trade-mark

Warner's WRAP-AROUND

*Not—How well corseted!
But—What a lovely figure!*

That is the comment which proves the superior merit of a Warner's Wrap-around, the Corset Invisible. *There is never a hint of its presence under your frock.*

It does not stretch like a rubber girdle; it is more convenient and more modern than a laced corset.

In coutil or brocade with panels of surgical elastic which take the place of lacings. For all figures, from slender to stout.

Style illustrated, \$3.50.

Other models, \$1.50 up.

Wrap-arounds are made only by The Warner Brothers Company, New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Made in Canada by The Warner Brothers Co., Montreal.

TIFFANY & Co.

JEWELRY PEARLS SILVERWARE

SINCE 1837—QUALITY

MAIL INQUIRIES GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

dish-washer kind of slow and surveyed me up and down.

"Spring sewing?" she said. "I attended to that two weeks ago. I said to Harold, 'How strong can I go on the charge accounts for summer clothes—seven or eight hundred?' He hesitated a minute and then told me to make it five hundred. Well, I only needed four hundred so one afternoon while you were taking a nap I ran downtown and bought the duds. So you go on to Ohio."

"As a labor-saving device Min's charge accounts have certainly got the sheep dog beaten."

McC. H.

"I WENT to an Irish wedding last night.—"

"I suppose the groom wore the conventional black eye?"

NAIAD

Perfect

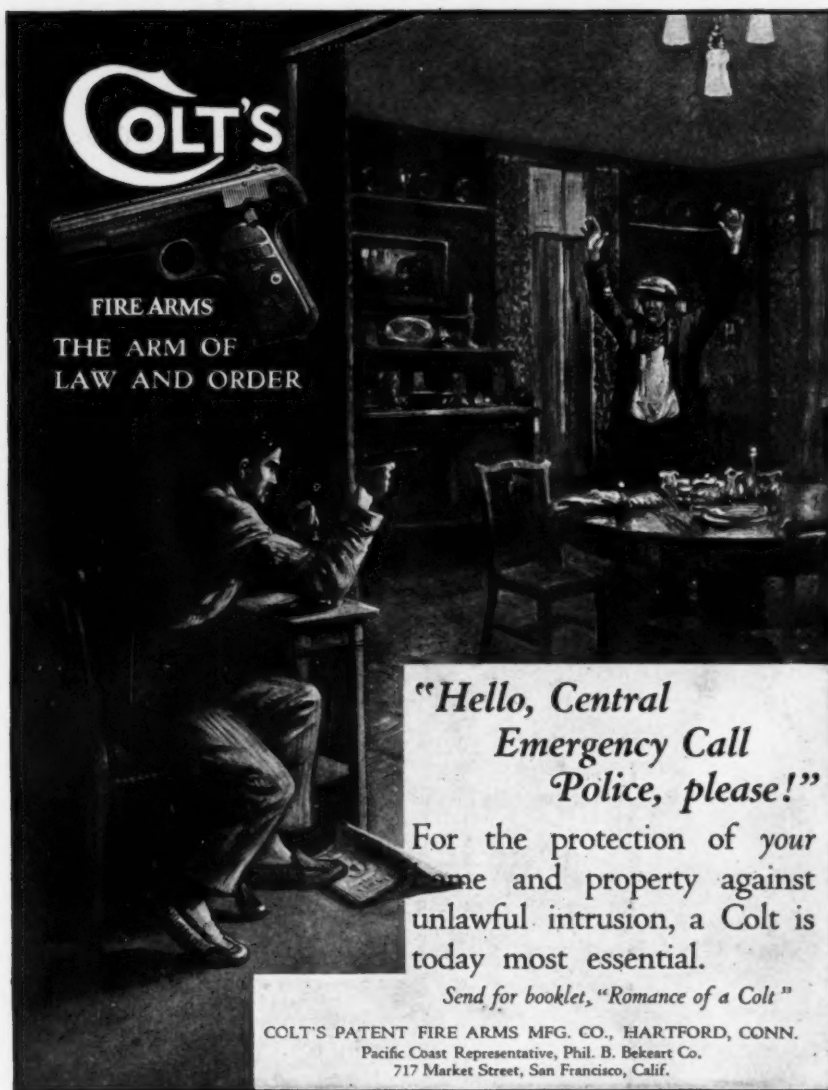
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A few minutes—a few stitches and you have a better made, better fitting lining than you could make. Stylish, comfortable and durable. Nainsook, Net, Silk or Messaline. All Sizes, with or without Shields 50 cents to \$1.25

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Made by the makers
of

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SHIELDS



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**"Hello, Central
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Printed with any name and address, 4 lines or less for

Print name and address plainly, enclose dollar bill and mail NOW. **DON'T WAIT.** Money promptly refunded if not satisfied.

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When They Decided to Move

SHE SAID—The place was so run down. The landlord simply wouldn't do a thing. The janitor was impossible. The neighborhood had changed for the worse. They really needed more room.

HE SAID—He couldn't see what they wanted to move for. It seemed to him they had just got settled. It cost a lot of money to move. He didn't want any more room. If they had a bigger place all of the relations would visit them.

HER MOTHER SAID—Time Mary had a new apartment. She'd lived in that one over a year. Mary knew how to keep a man hustling. She was so progressive. Smart girl, Mary!

HIS MOTHER SAID—Mary was certainly getting some mighty lofty notions lately. Just kept Bill's nose to the grindstone. Seemed as if women nowadays thought every man was a millionaire. She wouldn't get another man like Bill in a hurry.

D. H. B.

How Surprised They'd Be
How they would hold up their hands,
If those around could see,
All the love I have for you,
All you have for me!

How they'd brush their hair aside
From their listening ear,
If they ever heard the words
You whisper to me, dear.

How they'd smile and nod their heads,
Condemning us to hell,
If they knew the secret things
That your brown eyes tell.

How they would do all these things,
If they ever knew
That you hate me quite as much
As I'm hating you! M. C. L.

THE woman who can't do anything with her hair could do even less without it.

**Unhealthy gums denoted
by tenderness and bleeding**

UNHEALTHY soil kills the best of wheat. Unhealthy gums kill the best of teeth. To keep the teeth sound keep the gums well. Watch for tender and bleeding gums. This is a symptom of Pyorrhea which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

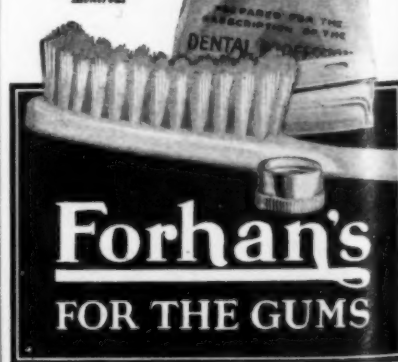
Pyorrhea menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhea germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist frequently for teeth and gum inspection. And use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

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New York
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**Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS**

BRUSH YOUR TEETH
WITH IT

SPECIALIST
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH

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DENTAL ASSOCIATION

Clark's 20th Mediterranean Cruise

June 27, by specially chartered "Baltic", 23,884 tons; 61 days. \$600 up including hotels, guides, drives, fees. Stop-overs in Europe.

SUMMER TOURS TO EUROPE
FRANK C. CLARK, TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK

The Baseball Outlook

(Continued from page 8)

noon games, but we are happy to be able to deny this. Not only will Aaron and Albert both be on hand with their old-time line of repartee, but each has a new trick or two up his sleeve and the resultant rivalry should be keen indeed. Few who were there will forget the tense situation in the Cleveland-Detroit game last August when Detroit had two men out in the last half of the 9th, two on base and three runs needed to win. Aaron stated in no uncertain terms that the Clevelands were a bunch of flops, but Albert rushed in at top speed, and without changing his stride, shot him this fast one: "Oh, is that so?" For a tense moment fortune wavered in the balance, but Aaron recovered himself just in time. "Yes-that-is-so!" he said, and it was all over.

A welcome change in the home uniform of the Pittsburghs will be the substitution of black shirts with detachable collars for the bleacher-ites, in place of the conventional blue, green, purple, etc. This has been found necessary because of the shortage of "Grade A" bituminous coal.

In Boston, a radical step will be the final and complete abandonment of the broad "A" system which has stood so many spectators in such good stead in past years. However, the management feels, and rightly, that the full benefit of observations and retorts, however discourteous they may be in themselves, is lost under the old method, and we may now look for a distinct speeding-up in the exchange of repartee in the Has-Bean City.

There is great rejoicing in Chicago over the return of Abe Shamwitz, alias "Shreve Livingston," who is now out on parole. Last season he made such a splendid hit-and-run play, when he soaked the gateman who discovered his ticket was counterfeit, and then made his escape, that it was thought the State crowd would sign him up for a long term as soon as they could get in touch with him, but evidently they are willing to consider waivers.

All rooters should hold themselves in readiness to change their allegiance from team to team and return at any time, if by so doing they will in any way help their favorites. Remember, "A switch in time may save the nine."

A. C. M. Azoy.

A HUMAN interest story in a New York daily is anything about a person with an income of less than \$25,000 a year.



The kid admits it—

THE Eskimo kid is proud of his drink. It's the best ginger ale on earth—he admits it. That's why he always wears such a broad, confident grin.

He's always glad to offer Clicquot Club to everybody. He knows they'll enjoy it and come back for more. And they do—they all like it.

There's something about Clicquot Club that appeals to nearly everybody. The racing bubbles, the gingery fragrance, the good taste—they all make a combination that's popular with all sorts of people—young or old or in between.

It's a good drink, good in taste, good in the way it's made. Everything in it is absolutely pure.

As for the blend—that's been a favorite for thirty-eight years. Small wonder the little Eskimo is so proud of Clicquot Club.

There are other Clicquot Club drinks the Eskimo boy sponsors; they're all pure and good—Sarsaparilla, Root Beer, Birch Beer. Order them all by the case from your grocer or druggist.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Clicquot
Pronounced Klee-ko
Club
Sarsaparilla
Birch Beer
Root Beer

GINGER ALE



"Beautiful—triumphantly happy—is it so that you dream of the woman you would like to be?"

THE WOMAN YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE

No matter how you picture her—you can have something of her grace and beauty.

In a hundred ways—you can help to make yourself the woman you would like to be.

Do you long for the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful skin? With the right care you can make your complexion what you will!

Begin now to give your skin the right Woodbury treatment for its needs; see what an improvement even a week or ten days of this special care will make in your complexion.

Use this treatment for a skin that is too oily:

FIRST cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Special treatments for each type of skin are given in the booklet around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin using your treatment tonight.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York, and Perth, Ontario.

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Sail and Motor BOATS

Sturdy Craft at Moderate Prices

Inquire About
Our Boardman-Hoyt Design
Five-meter Racing Knockabout
and
Our Coupe Automobile Boat
with Electric Self-starter

Cape Cod Shipbuilding Corp.
18 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Equal Rights

WOMEN are now demanding a constitutional amendment giving them equal rights with men. This amendment should include:

The right to two new suits and two hats a year.

The right to stand up whenever a man enters the room.

The right to spend the hot summer days in town while hubby is away at the seashore.

The right to pay for the taxi.

The right to pay alimony.

Necessities

WE have to have chairs,
Don't we,
And houses and footstools?

When you think of it that way
It makes the thing right. . .
Lumbering, I mean,
Cutting down trees in their prime;

I guess, in the night,
They whisper their fear
To the stars:
The Man-moth,
With the saw-tooth blight
Is here;
I'm next!
I'm only sixty years. . .
Just in the height
Of my usefulness. . .
Look at my girth!
The Moth says I'm worth
Nothing as I am. . .
But a great deal to Grand Rapids.

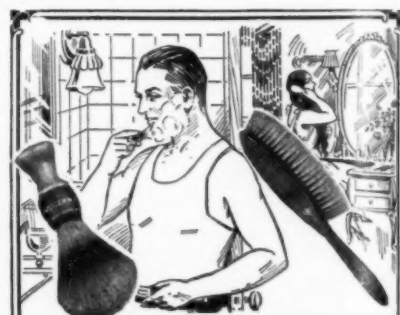
When we are struck down, pronounced dead,
Is it because some angel needs a new bed?

F. M.

Garage Definitions

MECHANIC—a fellow who can take an automobile apart.

WIZARD—one who can put it together again.



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THE SILENT DRAMA

Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 26)

Adam's Rib. *Paramount.*—Another elaborate society drama from the expensive Mr. Cecil B. De Mille, with one beautiful woodland scene in the Neanderthal Age.

Mad Love. *Goldwyn.*—A Parisian tragedy, produced in Germany, which develops high voltage in the magnetic Pola Negri.

Mr. Billings Spends His Dime. *Paramount.*—Walter Hiers falls in love with the face on a cigar band, and consequently becomes embroiled in a South American revolution. It's foolish but funny.

Minnie. *First National.*—Leatrice Joy as an ugly duckling in a pointless picture.

Othello. *Howells.*—A lamentable waste of time by two such worthy actors as Emil Jannings and Werner Krauss. It is dull and talky.

The Pilgrim. *First National.*—Further and conclusive evidence of the fact that Charlie Chaplin is the greatest artist in the world.

Adam and Eva. *Paramount.*—Marion Davies in the best photoplay that money can buy.

Down to the Sea in Ships. *Hodkinson.*—A vivid tale of the old New Bedford whalers.

The White Flower. *Paramount.*—Betty Compson removes most of her clothes.

The Voice from the Minaret. *First National.*—Norma Talmadge, Eugene O'Brien and a great deal of polite passion.

Driven. *Universal.*—The Cain and Abel theme adapted to the Southern mountaineers, forming a drama of unusual vitality and simplicity.

Fury. *First National.*—Richard Barthelmess as the son of a sea-captain, upon whose boyish shoulders are heaped the responsibilities of his erring parents.

For Review Next Week.—*"Lost and Found," "The Tiger's Claw"* and *"Mighty Lak a Rose."*

Reflection

WHAT has become of the manners of yesterday? Where are the courtesy, the graciousness, the gentility of the past? Is it possible they are but a part of the past?

Observe the young man yonder who greets the young lady. His method of saluting her consists in grasping his hat by the brim and jerking it slightly down over his brow. His left hand remains in his trousers pocket. When they have concluded their conversation and set off on their separate ways, the youthful cavalier doesn't even bother to touch his hat. A broad grin, he feels, is quite sufficient. And yet, the young lady appears not a whit disturbed at the astounding absence of etiquette. You see, she is thoroughly accustomed to it. All her friends behave in the same fashion.



What every girl should know—"Mum" is the word!

Men are charmed by our personality, beauty and grace. But there is something more—something that makes all the difference between being more popular or less popular.

It is daintiness! We must safeguard our daintiness!

However pleasing a story your own mirror may tell you, you know that, as the day or evening wears on, there comes a subtle enemy to steal away the charm of your feminine daintiness. This enemy is the inevitable odor of perspiration.

But thanks to the wonderful discovery, "Mum," we can all be free from embarrassing body odors.

"Mum" is the word. Just a fingertip of this delicate snow-white cream applied to the underarm and wherever excessive perspiration occurs, and you are entirely safe. No matter how warm, or how active you may be—at home, at dances, at the theatre—your feminine daintiness will be at its best.

No, "Mum" does not check perspiration. And "Mum" is harmless even to tender skins and the daintiest apparel.

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Another aid to daintiness—almost as essential as "Mum"—is Evans's Depilatory Outfit, for quickly and comfortably removing hair from the underarm. The complete outfit, ready for instant use at your dressing table, is 75c at drug and department stores, or sent postpaid on Special Offer.

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"Mum" for personal daintiness

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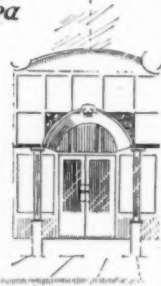
1923

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Mens
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47th St. Entrance

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
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Spring, Spring, Beautiful Spring!

WHEN spring returns I'll pay
a visit to the countryside,
And watch the wanton winds play
tag with clouds across the sky,
And welcome all the piping not-too-
shy birds as they glide
To peaks of rich, clear melody.

Then, in a lazy mood, I'll see the
water push its way,
Glinting quick mockeries when sun-
light strikes a hidden stone;
The waters singing their adventures
all the livelong day,
With wanderlust in every tone.

And as the green leaves spread
around and the fresh grasses
sprout,
I'll revel in the beauty, and to spring
I shall be sold,
Till suddenly—a sneeze my thoughts
will turn to headlong rout,
And I'll cry out, "Oh, spring be dab-
bed, I've caught another cold!"
J. H. L.

WILLIS: My wife professes the
Methodist faith.

GILLIS: And to what church do
you pretend?

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These men made your telephone



British Indian. A swarthy miner of mica—insulation inside the telephone.

Brazilian. He drains rubber from a tree. Rubber forms the case of the receiver.



Irishman raises flax, from which is made linen paper—used in the condenser.

Japanese. Prepares the silk used in the covering on the telephone cord.



Pennsylvania coal miner. Grains of coal, inside the transmitter, are the vocal cords of your telephone.

Alaskan. Your telephone needs gold too, and here's the man who digs it.

Russian. He mines the noble metal, platinum, used in your telephone.

Egyptian. We must go to the Nile Valley for certain cottons used to insulate wires.



—and the workman at Chicago

FROM a slab of rubber, a bundle of vegetable and animal fibres and a curious medley of minerals brought from every corner of the world, this man's skill produces a marvel of precision and ruggedness—your telephone.

He is one of 28,000 men and women at the Western Electric works in Chicago. As makers of telephones and the countless items of telephone apparatus, they are setting the standard for the whole world.

Western Electric

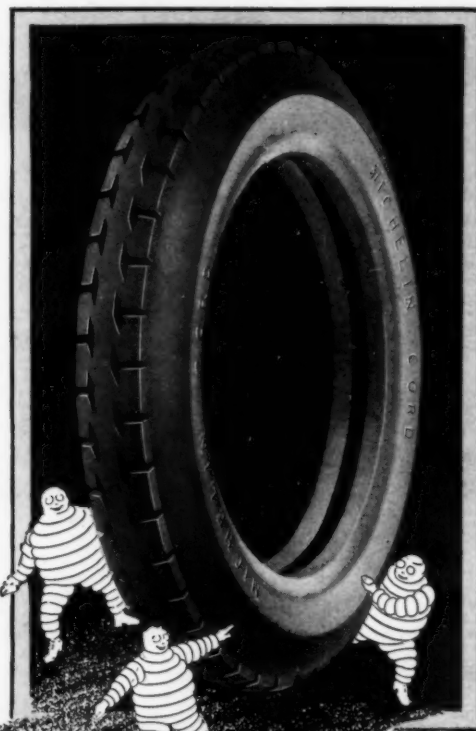
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